THE NEW REPUBLIC

Mary McCarthy's Florence

by William Jay Smith

Who Are Those Farmers?

by Helen Hill Miller

Oracles for Teenagers

by Janet Winn

Nixon the Operator

by William Costello

December 28, 1959, 25 cents

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T.R.B. from Washington

Seeing the World

★ It must be a bore for President Eisenhower to come back to the dreary problems of Washington after all those cheering crowds abroad. Nehru liked him, de Gaulle liked him, Franco liked him. Who was that swarthy man in uniform in Pakistan – oh yes, Ayub Khan liked him. It simply proved his point that good will and Christian decency will solve *any* problems.

Perhaps "solve" isn't quite the word; "create a favorable atmosphere" – that was what he was after. Take de Gaulle, for instance: surely things will be easier from now on after that cordial handclasp between the two old Generals. Things like that mean so much.

And in India, those hundreds of thousands of people listening to him, applauding him – not understanding much that he said, probably, but practically deifying him right there on the spot. By golly, *that* was one thing! What a lot of them there were; really an appalling lot! In a way it was kind of terrifying. Emaciated, hollow-eyed, all looking at him as though he had the answer. Something ought to be done about it, this population explosion. Not, of course, by our government; that's not our function of responsibility. But really something ought to be done about it.

And this chap Franco – "Generalissimo" he calls himself. Another old soldier. How cordial he was! He ought to watch his weight of course, and he is a bit of a dictator, but we can't have everything. He certainly made sense, talking about a balanced budget. He was more grateful than anybody: said that after this visit his critics would understand that the powerful United States really supports his regime against the atheistic Communists. Funny that no other head of a big power has ever come to Spain before. . . .

Back to the Office

★ And so Eisenhower comes back to Washington. In November he had one press conference. This month, so far, he has had one. But he will have spoken twice to the nation in December over television. He spoke once, you remember. December 3, just before leaving. Wasn't there something about the steel dispute? Oh yes – "What good news it would be," he said, "if during the course of this journey, I should receive word of a settlement. . ." No such word came, and now he is back in dismal Washington with this and other problems ahead.

Eisenhower told the nation just before he left that he had ordered "around-the-clock negotiations" for steel. They haven't been held. However, other things have happened. The union has reached an agreement with competitive industries – aluminum, copper and tinplate – besides Kaiser in steel. Big steel is becoming isolated. The objective London *Economist* says "the companies have made themselves look pig-headed." *Time* magazine, rarely sympathetic to labor, says government officials "privately . . . tended to blame management more." The union has accepted two of the three avenues to settlement proposed by government mediators; management has rejected all three. Management says workers will vote against the unions in the secret ballot required by Taft-Hartley. This seems inconceivable to most people. And management seems to think the returning Congress will act in its favor. The judgment of this column is that Congress, having slapped down labor in the last session and now facing an election, will be just in the mood to slap down management.

New Hampshire

★ Nixon is getting some strong support for the March 8 Presidential primary in the rugged old state of New Hampshire. Sen. Styles Bridges, about the most conservative of the Old Guard in Congress, is for him. Governor Wesley Powell, a Taft backer who threw mud at liberal Sen. Charles Tobey in 1950, is for him. William Loeb, publisher of an all-out, pro-McCarthy, anti-Eisenhower newspaper, is enthusiastic about him. And Attorney General Louis C. Wyman, the state's one-man Un-American Activities Committee, cheers Nixon. They are the men to watch if Nixon takes office.

The New Hampshire legislature made Wyman a one-man Communist investigating committee in 1953 and he has just pulled off his biggest coup, jailed Christian pacifist Dr. Willard Uphaus, one-time professor of religion at Yale. The charge: Uphaus won't peach on his friends. Uphaus denies he is a Communist, and his record supports him. It will be fun to see how Rockefeller and Nixon deal with the Uphaus issue when they campaign in New Hampshire.

12 Years Awaiting Death

★ A judicial system that takes 12 years to bring a death verdict to a conclusion ought, it seems to us, to confess failure. That is the time Caryl Chessman, in California, has been living under threat of the gas chamber. The Supreme Court has just blocked what may (or may not) be his final appeal. The Vatican says Chessman ought to be spared. Europeans, it appears, know more about the case than we do. They do not argue that Chessman is, or is not, guilty. What they say is that a man who has been under imminent sentence of death for 12 years has suffered enough. Incidentally, what system of justice does the US have where such delays are possible?

Leaderless Congress

★ The National Committee for an Effective Congress wants the Senate to set up a kind of cabinet committee on "National Strategy and Purpose." In effect it says the White House isn't doing policy planning; Congress ought to do it. Top committee Senators of both parties would be in this proposed blue ribbon group. It is a bold concept. Whether the Senate of Lyndon Johnson can now be charged with energy is, however, uncertain. Some think Democratic me-too-ism has already thrown away the 1960 election. In the House, by contrast, 100 moderate or liberal Democrats are now banding themselves into an activist body, a so-called "Democratic Study Group," led by Rep. Lee Metcalf and others. "The voice of Congress hasn't been heard because no one has known where to find it," observes the NCEC.

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Tears can be shed over 1959 (the pages of this journal are damp with them), but as the year ends the account cannot be balanced without entering some assets that may have been overlooked. Beginning with the least momentous, it can be reported that the circulation of *The New Republic* went up, though neither the price, the profit nor the advertising did likewise.

"Doom-criers," as *Time* calls them, wrote despondently about the apathy of the American public, but there is an explanation for that indifference, if it exists, which is not wholly unflattering to the public: "If men find statecraft uninteresting," Walter Lippmann remarked 45 years ago, "may it not be that statecraft *is* uninteresting? At first it was a hard confession to make, but the more I saw of politics at first hand, the more I respected the indifference of the public."

And not everyone has been indifferent. Eleanor Roosevelt was able to tick off Harry S. Truman, and he was able to kick back. It was heartening too to find Old Harry still believing that any Democrat is better than, and can lick, any Republican, though it may not be true. The quality of Presidential candidates who did not announce in '59 was extraordinarily high; none is a blind isolationist; and Nelson Rockefeller tempts one to believe that a Republican can run for the Presidency and at the same time say something substantial.

Mr. Eisenhower's "pilgrimage for peace" has been all to the good. Pageants are not policies, but that does not mean they aren't useful. Unquestionably, the President learned something along the way.

Proctor and Gamble has Mr. McElroy back selling soap, but as the former Secretary went out the door of the Defense Department, he treated us to some rare candor when he said that the US is not likely to close the missile gap for another three years, if then. Moreover, in and out of the defense establishment a healthy disenchantment has developed with the magical potency of the massive retaliation threat. Also, the "thaw," on which a correspondent reports from Moscow in this issue, seems to be continuing and gives promise of a further mellowing of the Soviet dictatorship; and if the governments of the US, UK and the USSR have not agreed formally to halt nuclear tests, none of the three has for more than a year thrown more radioactive poison into the atmosphere. Communist China has been helpful, too, positively by its behavior on the northern frontier of India, and negatively by not yet attacking Formosa.

A hundred years ago, John Brown went to the scaffold and the United

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States was on the eve of a civil war. Today, not only does the South not intend to withdraw from the Union, it shows no enthusiasm for withdrawing even from the Democratic Party. Compliance with the courts' orders to desegregate the public schools is slow, resentful and incomplete, but the movement is forward. It appears, too, that the public – Northern and Southern – wants an improvement in the quality as well as the quantity of education.

There have been other gains. Cars became compact; the broadcasting industry got the black eye it deserved; so did some drug manufacturers. Not only did a great many people go to church during the past 12 months, but judging from magazine articles more of them worried about whether they went for the right reasons. And this sort of self-scrutiny, widely noted, was reflected in stacks of studies on what is wrong with the US. Never has the nation been so X-rayed and prescribed for, in reports by or for the committees of Congress, the Rockefeller Brothers, the Rand Corporation, the Brookings Institution, the Committee for Economic Development, the Percy Committee of the Republicans, the Democratic Advisory Council and countless commissions set up by the White House.

We have been acquainted with the moral imperfections of labor leaders, with the willingness of high-ranking military men to accept a holiday in the Bahamas as guests of Glenn L. Martin, with the venality of New York butchers who rigged their meat scales and of contestants who played rigged quiz games. Everyone has been critical of payola, even payola as a foreign policy.

On the whole, it has not been a bad year, rich in self-doubt and with reasons for not despairing. The capacity of the economy to produce what is needed remains almost unlimited; the creative opportunities for world leadership are still there; and very soon the voters will again be free to throw the rascals out, or keep them in.

PREDICTING THE WINNER

Beginning next week, Louis H. Bean will canvass Republican and Democratic chances in 1960. In a series of articles, he will review the factors that have helped or hurt the prospects of each party and offer some clues to what may happen next year. Mr. Bean is an economic and political analyst who for many years has been following business and political trends. He is the author of How To Predict Elections *and* The Mid-Term Battle.

India: Weapons and Food

The President's visit may make it easier in the future for India to get the weapons and food it wants, among other things, from the US. Throughout the Cold War years our government has reserved late-model equipment for military pact partners and, even when releasing it for sale to other non-Communist governments, has driven such a hard bargain as to rule out any large-scale purchases in the US. The Chinese border skirmishes have brought home the fact, however, that the Indian military is vital to free world security simply as the guardian of Indian independence and irrespective of Mr. Nehru's commitment to US policies. And Mr. Nehru, for his part, now concedes the desirability of a close US-Indian relationship. Though discounting all thought of joining any US-sponsored collective security arrangement, the Prime Minister in an interview with NBC's Welles Hangen did say that "we may, if necessity arises, seek some equipment or something – that's a different matter."

Reliable sources indicate that the Indians have already been advised that they need no longer pay cash at the time they order equipment – thus tying up scarce foreign exchange for months (or years) until the order is filled – but may instead pay on delivery. The prospect is that this relatively easy adjustment on the part of the US will be followed as time passes by other changes in the terms of repayment designed to ease India's increasingly difficult foreign exchange position (*e.g.*, some sort of installment plan and partial repayment in rupees on the order of the present US military-sale arrangement with neutralist Indonesia's Army).

Another important policy change now probable is a shift from the uncertainty of our present surplus food program to a new long-term commitment. The Indian Food Minister, S. K. Patil, is pressing for a seven-year agreement to replace the present year-to-year PL 480 contracts. Such an agreement would serve to discourage grain speculators in India who are almost uncontrollable when grain is scarce. The Patil bid for a continually replenished "food bank" of at least five million tons of grain, stored in India, was discussed in New Delhi by Agricultural Department officials visiting the World Agricultural Fair – and food, like military equipment, is said to have figured in the Eisenhower-Nehru conversations. Patil is scheduled to visit this country in April and a decision on the precise shape of the new US surplus program in India is expected to follow soon after. The Administration must decide whether to seek special legislation along the lines of Sen. Hubert Humphrey's "Food for Peace" plan or settle for short-term assistance to the Indians within the three-year time span possible under existing PL 480 legislation.

Interestingly, Senator Humphrey's unsuccessful effort in the last session of Congress to revise the surplus program and place it on a long-term basis has prodded

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the Administration to take some smaller steps in the same direction. Shortly before the President's departure, the US and India signed a $257 million PL 480 agreement which embodied one of the most important provisions of the Humphrey bill. Under previous PL 480 agreements the US had retained possession of all but 15 percent of the rupees received in payment for foodstuffs. This 15 percent was returned to the Indians for health and educational projects. With the expansion of the surplus program and the mounting stocks of US-owned rupees, the Indians have grown understandably anxious at the thought that the US would, in time, control a sum of rupees rivalling Indian Government holdings! The Humphrey bill specifically urged larger grants to recipients out of the US rupee holdings and the new agreement provides, accordingly, for returning 40 percent of the rupees accumulated by the US. This establishes an important principle which should be incorporated in the new agreement Mr. Patil hopes to negotiate.

The Oregon Primary

By law the Republican Secretary of State of Oregon is required to do some Democratic Presidential Candidate dirt. Elsewhere hopefuls can pick and choose among primaries, but in Oregon the Secretary of State is required to place on the ballot the name of anyone who is "generally advocated or recognized" as a candidate. The inevitable result, it appears, will be a test of strength between non-candidate Stevenson and open-candidates Kennedy and Humphrey under circumstances that will be confusing to say the least.

Oregon's law permits a candidate who has been listed by the Secretary of State to enter a disclaimer of any intention to run and so remove his name from the ballot. Presumably, Mr. Stevenson, however reluctantly, would take this step to avoid involvement in the May 20 race. But even if he did, the law permits 1,000 citizens to enter him by petition, not subject to withdrawal. Two groups are already pledged to collect the 1,000 names to put Stevenson's name on the ballot. Another group has announced that it has already obtained the signatures required to enter Sen. Wayne Morse as a favorite son. Senator Morse, who has gone through the formality of disclaiming his Presidential candidacy in writing to Secretary of State Howell Appling – but who nevertheless will be on the primary ballot by petition – has suggested to Mr. Appling that he include the names of Senators Humphrey, Kennedy, Johnson and Symington, Adlai Stevenson, plus Governors Brown, Meyner and Williams. Morse is stumping the state against Humphrey and Kennedy because of their votes for the final version of the Landrum-Griffin bill – which only Morse and the late Senator Langer (R, N.D.) voted against.

Both Kennedy and Humphrey have established active campaign organizations in the state. Kennedy's forces are headed by a highly-respected associate of Congresswoman Edith Green of Portland whom Humphrey wanted as his leader. Sen. Richard Neuberger has declared his support for Mr. Stevenson.

By May 20, when this primary occurs, winning Oregon's 17 convention votes may seem a matter of life or death to Humphrey, Kennedy and Stevenson. A loss would probably eliminate Stevenson as a compromise choice. Primary victories have always been Humphrey's only chance. And now that it is clear the Southern support he had hoped for will go to Lyndon Johnson, Kennedy must place heavier reliance than before on proving his popularity at the polls. Kennedy's forces make no secret of the fact that they consider Stevenson Kennedy's strongest rival. One of his spokesmen has gone so far as to say to *Congressional Quarterly* that a loss to Stevenson in Oregon would end Kennedy's chances. The betting in Oregon today is that the Presidential primary will be a close race – between Morse and Stevenson.

Omen?

Northern Segregationists

Deerfield, Illinois, has a new thought on what to do when school integration comes: set aside the Constitution and the Supreme Court by unofficial ballot.

When residents of that plush Chicago suburb expressed alarm that the builders of a new subdivision

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were planning to offer 10 or 12 of 51 new homes for sale to Negroes, the chief of the project, Morris Milgram, president of Modern Community Developers, Princeton, N.J., assured home owners that his company's experience in the East had proved that "the sale of a few homes to Negroes of comparable economic and cultural background will not change property values." But the North Shore Residents Association immediately mobilized 200 volunteers to take a house-to-house poll over the weekend asking, "Do you favor or oppose the Floral Park subdivision?" Ballots showed 3,507 opposed; 464, for; and 56 with no opinion. The results have been laid before the Deerfield Village Board – which had granted Mr. Milgram a construction permit without knowing that his project was interracial. Having heard the people, the board isn't sure what it can do next. The Rev. Russell Meltzer of the North Shore Unitarian Church is one of several ministers making it hard for the town officials to find an evasive way out. "Whatever the results of the poll, we are not voting on civil rights and the legality of the Constitution," he reminded his congregation the Sunday following the poll-taking. "That already has been settled. Since Deerfield lies within the boundaries of the Continental United States, it is required to operate under the laws, including the 14th Amendment to the Constitution and the following portion of the US Code: All citizens of the US shall have the same right in every state and territory as is enjoyed by white citizens thereof to inherit, purchase, lease, sell, hold and convey real and personal property."

Mr. Milgram says that the opposition to the development has not changed his plans in the slightest. The vice president of his construction company, John W. Hunt, a member of Adlai Stevenson's law firm, adds that, "The poll that will interest me most will be the poll I hope [the opponents] will take five years from today. By that time our development will have been occupied for years and [they] will have had time to discover what fine new neighbors [they have] and that nothing has happened to depreciate property values."

Words from the Swiss

The majority of the UN General Assembly is angry with the French for not living up to their moral obligation not to do in the Sahara what the British, the Americans and the Russians have done in the South Seas and Siberia – detonate an atomic explosion. And the State Department, the Defense Department, 14 Western powers and assorted commentators are annoyed with the French for not living up to their NATO treaty obligations.

Well, when big powers have a grievance it gets into the newspapers. When a very small power is peeved it may not be noticed. A case in point is the complaint of the Swiss Foreign Minister, Max Petitpierre, that the US is continuing to violate its 109-year-old treaty of friendship with Switzerland by inducting Swiss citizens into the American armed forces. The treaty of 1850 explicitly committed both governments to refrain from recruiting each other's citizens for military service.

There have been two cases, one during the Korean War and one after, in which US courts have upheld our government's right to draft Swiss nationals, though the number of such eligible draftees is minute. Only about a dozen cases have come to the attention of the State Department; there are only about 15,000 Swiss permanently resident in this country, of whom no more than 200 would be subject to selective service.

Neither country has threatened to break off diplomatic relations. Indeed, the Swiss will not even appeal the matter to the International Court of Justice at The Hague, for it fears that if it does so, "the United States would denounce the treaty and Switzerland would automatically lose all other advantages deriving from it." Still, it is a pity. The least we can do to repay the kind attention of all those Swiss inkeepers in all those ski resorts is to treat our treaty and M. Petitpierre with the friendly respect they deserve.

Student Loyalty

The right-wing *National Review* misses few opportunities to cry out against government interference, but when the Presidents of Harvard and Yale suggest that the federal government *is* interfering, and improperly so, with higher education by requiring students seeking a federal loan to file a loyalty affidavit, the *National Review* is appalled.

Yet what practical or moral good is served by demanding that a student swear that he "does not believe in, and is not a member of and does not support any organization that believes in or teaches, the overthrow of the United States Government by force or violence or by any illegal or unconstitutional methods"? As President Griswold of Yale said in an article in *The New York Times Magazine* last week, such affidavits are inherently futile as safeguards against disloyalty or as a means of inculcating loyalty, as well as being in Alexander Hamilton's words, "a subversion of one great principle of social security, to wit: That every man shall be presumed innocent until he is proved guilty."

A bill to delete the affidavit requirement from the National Defense Education Act will again be introduced in the Senate by John Kennedy and Joseph Clark and has a reasonable chance of being approved, for the initiative of Kennedy (Harvard '40) and Clark (Harvard '34) has the support not only of colleges and universities but of two influential former college presidents who could assure the amendment's adoption – Secretary Flemming and Mr. Eisenhower.

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Orphan of the Storm

The well-known and justly-famous non-candidate, Mr. Adlai E. Stevenson, seems to be encountering competition in an unexpected quarter. Apparently Mr. Nelson A. Rockefeller, the Republican Governor of New York, sees merit in the anti-campaign that has been Mr. Stevenson's monopoly up to date; at any rate Rockefeller has plucked and inserted in his button-hole one spray from Stevenson's nosegay of political poison ivy.

This spray consists of an echo of Mr. Stevenson's call for increased power to the President in dealing with nationwide strikes in vital industries. It is commonly regarded as poisonous because it crosses the boundaries of the innocuous so carefully respected by the usual kind of candidate and especially by the heir presumptive, Mr. Richard Nixon. Thus Mr. Rockefeller would seem to be sticking his neck out.

In discussing the problem of industrial warfare it is safe for a candidate to denounce crooks in high places. Everybody does it, so it is accepted without comment. Where Mr. Stevenson passed beyond the line of safety and Mr. Rockefeller followed, was in asserting that the public needs protection not merely against thieves, grafters and hijackers, but also against jar-heads, whether in the unions or in the companies.

It is true, of course. When a labor-capital dispute brings to a halt any industry that affects the whole economy, mulish obstinacy, while perfectly legal, may do more damage than Ali Baba's Forty Thieves could possibly inflict. The President has ample power to deal with criminal conduct, but he is well-nigh helpless when the country is being ruined by mere idiocy, not by law-breaking. Nobody denies this, but for a candidate to emphasize it would be handling the kind of truth that is highly explosive, so it is not to be thought of in ordinary circumstances.

But Mr. Rockefeller's circumstances are not ordinary. He must perforce live dangerously because the safety island is already occupied by the heir presumptive, Mr. Nixon. Witness what happened when birth control, the Blushful Issue, suddenly popped up. The instant the bishops cracked the whip Mr. Nixon squatted behind the shelter of the President, who moved out and took the punishment, leaving the heir presumptive unscarred.

Mr. Rockefeller would be besotted indeed if he failed to realize that this was no isolated incident, but what he must expect regularly as the campaign proceeds. Since the role of My Boy is denied him, he must needs enact the part of the Orphan of the Storm, which calls for a different technique. So if he decks himself with poison ivy the fact is no proof that he has lost his wits, but rather that he is facing the realities of the situation.

His case, as a matter of fact, is curiously similar to that of Mr. Stevenson. They are both wanderers in outer darkness, barred from the family hearth by convention – Mr. Stevenson by the convention that a twice-defeated candidate is finished, Mr. Rockefeller by the convention that a highly popular President may devise the Crown, as Theodore Roosevelt did intentionally and Franklin D. Roosevelt did by the intervention of Fate.

There is, however, a specter haunting the scene. The ghost of Wendell Willkie stalks the battlements of the political Elsinore and turns the professionals pale. The way he upset the applecart proved that the conventions are not irrefragable because the public occasionally makes up its own mind. Among the professionals, too, there are a few old, gray wolves, wise and wary, who remember that the legitimate succession is not always a success. The party would not profit by electing a new Van Buren or a new Taft, even at the behest of a popular idol. These regard Mr. Nixon thoughtfully, and thoughtful inspection is not what he needs.

All of which tempts a superficial observer to believe that the campaign now opening holds exciting potentialities. If Mr. Rockefeller is in fact determined to cut his own swath, and if he wields a wicked scythe, the ensuing excitement might redound to the benefit of Mr. Stevenson on the other side of the fence. For if the Republicans appear likely to put up a candidate of the Willkie type, the Democrats then obviously would need the best available facsimile of Roosevelt, and there is not much doubt about who that is.

It is an eventuality improbable to the verge of the fantastic, but the idea of a campaign between the Two Orphans is fascinating. Think of a battle between two candidates, both by their preconvention utterances committed to abandonment of the old shibboleths and to discussion of the issues as they really are! Since both are vigorous thinkers and experienced in public life, what a political education it would be! A dream, of course, but what a dream!

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Who Are Those Farmers?

by Helen Hill Miller

The incoming Congress will certainly enact a new farm bill. But it will do so in an election year; with responsibility divided between a Republican Executive and a Democratic House and Senate; against a background of close to a $10 billion government investment in price-supported crops and a $1.25 million-a-day cost of handling one of these – wheat; and against a foreground of tremendous farm productivity whose price-depressing result reduced farm income by 15 percent in 1959, and is scheduled to push it about half as much further in 1960.

Politically, Democrats hope for a farm revolt comparable to that which helped Harry Truman in 1948, ignoring the decline in the number of farmers which has taken place regularly over the past decade. Republicans point with pride to the Republican killing just made by John Kyl in his recapture of the Congressional seat from Iowa's Fourth District that had gone Democratic in 1958, and say that even to discontented farmers peace will seem wonderful in November, 1960.

But the fact is that no one has any very new or startling ideas for a workable farm program, in spite of the eager offerings not only of Secretary Benson but of all the prospective Presidential candidates from Nelson Rockefeller to Hubert Humphrey. And so the fight is likely to shape up along familiar lines between those for lower, and those for higher levels of government farm price supports; between those who favor taking more acreage out of production (without recognizing that land always produces something) and those who note that farmers for 20 years now have been able to nullify such programs by more intensive cultivation of the acres that remain in production; between those who want to use farm surpluses as a lever in foreign policy and those who are against more foreign aid; between those who are for, and those who are against substitution for programs directed toward producers alone, of programs advantageous to both consumers and producers through further application of the principle of the Brannan Plan.

At the recent annual convention of one of the state Farm Bureau Federations, a speaker warned his fellow members that farmers now have "the worst public relations in their history." Whether that is the way to put it, certainly the attitude toward the farm population evinced by non-farm dwellers has undergone a change that is rapid even by today's accelerated standards. The change has taken a big slice out of the farm group's power. But it has had an even more noticeable effect in diminishing its prestige. From the first days of the American Republic, the farmer and the family farm have been regarded as the true repository of American probity, virtue and good horse sense. Whether or not he was a slicker, the city-dweller felt like one. Even while enjoying the sensation, he reproached himself as the fellow who lay abed on winter mornings while the farmer went out by lantern light to feed the stock, milk the cow, bring in the wood. And the city-dweller's wife had her baby in a hospital, and came home to a house where hot and cold water came from taps, the plumbing was indoors, the kitchen gleamed with gadgetry and decorator's colors encased the bedside telephone, while her farm counterpart hoped the midwife would make it in time, the roads being what they were, and got up to haul water in the old oaken bucket, stoke the fires, and pump the churn.

Resourcefulness, vitality, character and hardihood were attributed to the farmers by those who felt that their city earnings were easy money. The pure and rural, who were comparatively speaking also the poor and rural, were venerated as representing a better way of life – upright, independent, self-sufficient.

Politically, such an image made the farmer close to irresistible. In the state legislatures, overrepresentation of rural districts has been normal. In the nation, the farm vote has always been ponderable (and pondered) and often decisive. No other single segment of the economy could have obtained unconcealed annual subsidies from public funds of close to $6 billion.

But over the last decade, this image has faded fast. Self-sufficiency is gone; quilting bees and taffy-pulls are out; children no longer listen to the sound of sleighbells in the snow. Most of the evidence for the dogma that "farming is a way of life, not just a means of making a living" now rests in the display cases of historical societies. Farming is no longer even a very typical occupation. Up to the latter part of last century almost every other American belonged to a farm family. But by 1958, the farm families numbered only 12 percent in a population of 174.1 million.

Moreover, farming has come to be divided into two rather strikingly different types: commercial farms and subsistence farms. Eighty-two percent of the farm products sold are raised on 30 percent of the farms; the other 70 percent of the farms raise only 18 percent of the produce that is marketed. The operation of a commercial farm, nowadays, is very much like any form of production engaged in by city dwellers.

A few generations ago, farm land was free. Today, farm real estate is valued at $125.1 billion, and the annual increment in its value shows up every time a

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farm is sold, whether to some one who intends to farm it, to a subdivision promoter, or to a state highway department. Investment, modernization, obsolescence now apply to farm machinery as well as to any other form of industrial equipment. Farmers run their horsepower on diesel fuel and gasoline, just like any one else.

More and more of farmers' rising production costs go in payment for other industrial products – chemicals, for instance. Their cost-price squeeze, tighter now than at any time since World War I, is a familiar factory phenomenon. And the house that goes with such a farm will carry a TV antenna on its roof and be equipped with modern gadgetry inside.

The city dweller can't see where such an operation differs very much from his own. True, the farmer has special problems. He can't do much about the weather, and unlike a factory, moreover, he can't stop producing every now and then to wait until the market catches up: you can't turn off the tap on a cow. But every business has some special problems.

Nor does the aura of decency and romance which formerly surrounded the family farm seem appropriate to the subsistence farm whose family has no other occupation; it may be picturesque to sit and listen to the katydid, but it is not necessarily virtuous.

Moreover, when next year's census is taken, the number of such farms may show a drop of perhaps half a million over and above the steady decline in the number of all farms which has been going on every year. The 1960 census will count as farms places of 10 or more acres where sales of agricultural products amount to at least $50 a year, and places of less than 10 acres where such sales top $250 a year, but not places that fall below such amounts.

At the same time, the city dweller is becoming aware of how much of the income of people who live on all kinds of farms is earned off the farm. In 1954, the year of the last agricultural census, out of nearly 4.8 million farms there were almost 1.5 million where the income earned off the farm by the operator and his family was larger than the value of the agricultural products sold. In 1958, the average per capita net income of the nonfarm population was $2,066; of the farm population, $1,066. But of the $1,066, more than a quarter – $298 – came from nonfarm sources.

Farms as residences with the family living mostly earned elsewhere are something the city dweller understands easily. He, himself, is not so close to the city or far from the farm as he used to be. Didn't he move out to the suburbs five years ago to raise the children in the country? And doesn't he have his eye on a little place still further out, near the mountains or the water, maybe, where the family can go for vacations and weekends, and where he and his wife might retire later, raise a few head of beef cattle, or start tree-farming?

Another reason why the mystique of agriculture has gone flat is because the line between essentials and amenities is continuously blurred by continued prosperity. In the fatness of today, the city dweller's prayer is less likely to be for his daily bread than for strength to stick to his diet; respect for men who supply the nation with the staff of life is correspondingly diminished.

After a look around at contemporary realities, the ex-slicker, his guilt shed, may even begin to wonder if he has been not a slicker but a sucker. Has he been paying a double levy, high prices for the farm products in the basket his wife pushes up to the supermarket checkout counter, and high taxes to subsidize those high prices?

Current disenchantment with the farm program is in part exasperation that after all these years of increasingly expensive efforts to bring agriculture into balance the surplus situation grows no better. But in part it is also a sudden awareness that contemporary agriculture is the occupation of a relatively small minority of Americans, and one whose successful practitioners live a life that is very similar to that of the rest of the community.

SOME CONSEQUENCES OF COEXISTENCE

Reaching the Russians

Moscow

In three months, the atmosphere of Soviet-American relations has returned to those halcyon World War II days of 15 years ago. Or so it seems in Moscow. The Communists would like to forget the Cold War ever took place. They want a "peaceful coexistence" which confirms their postwar advance into Eastern Europe. Political settlements are desirable but not immediately essential, so long as relaxation is obtained. Time will bring the psychological changes necessary for settlements, they believe, for "socialism" must win in economic competition with "Western capitalism."

The problem which every American faces in Moscow – and not only in Moscow – is how to react to this change. He can ignore the harsh facts of 10 years of "Cold War," gloss over the vital differences in outlook, concentrate on those endearing similarities between

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Americans and Russians played up in the Soviet press these days. In which case he is bound to become as disillusioned as he was with Stalin's policy.

At the other extreme, the American can be stampeded by official Soviet chauvinism. Grandiose seven-year plan figures, Sputniks and moon-rockets, exuberant claims about surpassing the American economy, propaganda about the inherent superiority of Soviet Socialism – all may cause him to recoil in panicky fear for his own way of life. In which case he sees no practical value in "trying to get along with the Russians," and opts for an earlier rather than later "show-down."

Both these reactions fail to utilize the full American strength for "peaceful coexistence." That strength is ideological, and the Communists realize it all too well. Beneath their bravado about the future "victory of Communism," one finds a nagging fear of Western ideas. The official press has become increasingly obsessed with the relation between "peaceful coexistence" and the "ideological struggle": "peaceful coexistence" must not become the "trojan horse" bearing "bourgeois ideas" into Soviet society. Ideological conflicts need no longer result in violence, so the line goes, but any dilution of Communist purity is impermissible "interference in internal affairs." The real Western advantage lies exactly in this contradiction. Mr. Khrushchev and his cohorts cannot have it both ways: they cannot have "peaceful competition" and still isolate the Soviet and East European peoples.

The effects of this contradiction on the Soviet scene are numerous. For instance, Mr. Khrushchev's visit to the United States has been billed as an unparalleled success. Capitalists and workers, rulers and ruled learned to appreciate him. As a result Soviet propaganda has had difficulty in maintaining the traditional dichotomy between government and people in "capitalist" America. The logic is clear: The more respectable Mr. Khrushchev seems to the American Government, the more respectable the American Government is allowed to be to the Soviet people.

The jamming of Voice of America – relaxed during the Khrushchev visit – has not been restored in full force, although each of the 13 frequencies has sporadic difficulty. Sensitive topics like Tibet, Indo-Chinese relations and Hungary are still barred. But expositions of the "American way of life" are not hindered, nor is popular music.

This greater official tolerance is conducive to ever more inquisitiveness. The glossy American Government magazine *Amerika* is sold out in a day; people carry it around unselfconsciously in the streets, read it on the bus and subways. Under the new cultural agreement, its circulation is to be increased to about 77,000. And Russians generally no longer fear meeting Americans in public or in private. The Soviet lead in probing the cosmos and the advance in the Soviet standard of living have contributed to the new confidence. Russians are less afraid of their own rulers or the supposed enemies of the outside world. They freely admit their desire to travel, to see for themselves what Mr. Khrushchev saw; they want to read foreign newspapers and books of their own choosing.

One cold night a young intellectual summed up his impressions of the trend the following way: "Perhaps it is the irony of history that the more prosperous we become the further toward the West and away from the "socialist East" we move. We want your comforts and your freedom, we want our women to raise children instead of working, and the more consumer goods we get the more we shall demand."

That young man is miles ahead of his time. The vast majority of Soviet citizens think little further than the flat the government has promised in the not too distant future. But many who have their flats, their automobile, those whose wives no longer have to work – as this young man did – find that economic advancement is no longer an end in itself. They do not condemn their society. On the contrary, they are proud of it. But they are not afraid to analyze its defects.

Of course, Mr. Khrushchev wants to hold the reins, to channel his people's contacts with new ideas. The Soviet insistence on set "cultural exchange agreements" with the West is proof enough. Twenty-four books and 10 periodicals had to be removed from a British Book Exhibition and 100 from the American Exhibition last summer, because their contents "distort the internal or external situation of the Soviet Union."

But Western irritation with these restrictions does not alter the basic problem: How best to get Western ideas across to the Soviet public. For years under Stalin and the Cold War we had to go behind the backs of the Soviet rulers. Every foreign word was regarded as charged propaganda, every foreign act a potential act of espionage. The result was an almost total isolation of the Russian and his distorted views of the outside world.

No thinking person here suggests that the relative relaxation under Khrushchev will lead to mass conversion to Western ideas about the free competition of ideas. The Communists insist – and will continue to insist – on censoring what reaches the public. But year after year censorship has become more liberal, exchanges more free, and this in itself builds up greater pressure for more freedom. The process may be tedious, often exasperating, but surely our job is to see that it is continued.

Whatever "peaceful coexistence" may mean to Mr. Khrushchev, to the Americans it should mean expanding opportunities to correct Communist bias about the United States, so that those "psychological changes" preceding international settlements may be based on mutual understanding, not mutual illusion.

GEORGE SHERMAN

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THE FACTS ABOUT NIXON – XIII

By willingly doing the drudgery of politics and never hesitating to intervene to keep local party machinery in friendly hands, Nixon established formidable strength in professional Republican circles. To keep party unity, Nixon volunteered as a factional middle-man and served as legislative broker for the White House on such matters as the McCarthy investigation – which he criticized on tactical, not ethical grounds – the Bricker Amendment and foreign aid.

Nixon the Operator

by William Costello

Politics is perhaps an art, perhaps a scale of values or a conjunction of possibilities, but never a science. It is here, in the realm of artifice and intuition, that Nixon is most at home. The umbrella incident is a case in point. It was August, 1955, the day of Eisenhower's return from the Geneva Summit meeting, a chilly, rainy afternoon at Washington National Airport as the Vice President and leading officials gathered to welcome the President home. Many carried umbrellas, but what gave the scene a bizarre aspect was that none of the umbrellas was raised. The dignitaries huddled in the open, wet and bedraggled, because the Vice President had given the order – no umbrellas!

In Nixon's mind, this order was necessary for propaganda reasons. At that moment it was still not clear whether Geneva had been an allied triumph or setback; and for lack of a better estimate of the situation, there were uncomfortable reminders of Neville Chamberlain and Munich. The umbrella had been Chamberlain's trademark and the emblem of his appeasement policy. Nixon wanted no such untoward symbolism.

Nixon built his reputation as a politician and his position of leadership in the Republican Party by using his conspicuous talents on the platform and by the sheer drudgery of cultivating the keepers of the Republican vineyard. One year he spoke in 25 states, another in 31, and from 1950 on, there was hardly a sizable city in the United States where he did not oblige with an appearance, speaking at election rallies, supporting fund-raising activities, struggling with patronage problems, finding personable candidates, interceding at subordinate levels to keep party machinery in friendly hands. In four national campaigns he ran up these mileages:

1952	48,381
1954	28,072
1956	34,453
1958	24,042

Nixon's strength in professional circles has been primarily among the Old Guard that keeps its hand on the party machinery year in and year out, in good times and bad. He has worked assiduously with the national committee, with state and district committees, with women's groups, and with the Young Republicans. In all this he has operated without an overt assertion of leadership, in fact with a studied effort to stay out of the limelight nationally in party affairs.

A hundred politicians and writers will testify to Nixon's standing with the Republican hierarchy, and they have drawn the inference that *ipso facto* he is a masterly politician and an acknowledged leader of men. The inference does not necessarily follow, for the relationship is shadowy at best. What is factual is simply a personal pledge of support from half a hundred or half a thousand individuals who undertake to reflect or manipulate public opinion. Under the pounding rhythms of change, no one, not even Nixon, would dare say precisely how much substance there might be in that relationship from day to day or from week to week.

Now and then these phantoms make themselves visible. An instance in the spring of 1959 was the appointment of Sen. Thruston B. Morton as caretaker chairman of the Republican National Committee after Alcorn's resignation. Morton had been a charter member of Nixon's 1946 Chowder and Marching Club; and his presence at committee headquarters in the preconvention period was one means of insuring that the committee would be neutral for Nixon.

Another instance was the fight for chairmanship of the Young Republican Federation at the organization's June, 1959, convention. The contest was between Nixon's candidate and Nelson Rockefeller's, and the ease with which the latter was defeated showed the months that had been spent on the selection of solidly pro-Nixon delegations.

At the practical operating level, Nixon knows how to move decisively and shows no hesitancy in taking risks. In 1958, as Alaska prepared for statehood, he

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visited the territory to take soundings and offer Republican candidates and leaders his advice. What he found appalled his professional instincts. He thereupon ordered Victor Johnson, director of the Senate Republican Campaign Committee, to provide $5,000 for expenses, and promised to send a young Congressman to introduce some know-how in the campaign. The Congressman he chose was his most reliable errand boy and trouble-shooter, Rep. Bob Wilson of San Diego; but, as it turned out, neither know-how nor risk-taking could save that situation. The Republicans lost everything.

Among political pros, such reverses at the local level are considered incidental. They think, or like to think, in larger terms. In reality, they are under a compulsion to interpret results with a high degree of egocentricity. A case in point was the 1957 contest for the New Jersey Governorship. Nixon campaigned for Malcolm Forbes against the Democratic incumbent, Robert Meyner. After Meyner's easy victory, a friend commiserating with a Nixon staff member observed casually, "The outcome must have been rough on the Vice President."

"Oh, not at all," was the cheerful response. "He made a lot of friends in New Jersey."

That estimate had to be paired off against the fact that, in five of the seven counties in which Nixon campaigned, the Republican vote for Governor was less in 1957 than it had been four years earlier.

Unity and Survival

Many party workers make Nixon an odds-on-favorite for 1960 because they have been coming to him with their problems for years. After the 1958 election, 20 state chairmen out of 35 who were queried by the Associated Press named Nixon as the leading candidate for the nomination. At the Des Moines meeting of the national committee a few weeks later, it was estimated 85 percent of the high command was for him. In mid-1959 columnist Roscoe Drummond reported Republican leaders outside New York were ready at that moment to pledge Nixon a minimum of 800 convention votes, 137 more than the necessary majority.

At the same time, what lends unreality to Nixon's position is Mead Alcorn's statistical analysis of the relative party standings at the polls. Alcorn's analysis pointed out bluntly, on the eve of resignation, that from 1950 to 1958, the exact period of Nixon's activity on the national scene, the Republican vote remained stationary at 20 million while the Democratic vote climbed to nearly 26 million.

During this interval Nixon made three extravagant efforts to put a Republican majority in Congress and three times failed. Thus the weakness of his position is that, while party regulars exert a dominant influence in the long intervals between elections, and while they might be eager to nominate him in 1960, they have not controlled a national convention since 1936, and neither they nor Nixon has a strong base of popular support.

In his ascent toward party leadership, Nixon's guiding principle has been to hold rival blocs in line by a process of conciliation, and to make winning elections his transcendent concern. His activities have been so conspicuously oriented toward the party, rather than its program, that cynics no longer call him unprincipled; his one indubitable principle, they say, is the unity and survival of the Republican Party.

At various times he has tried to defend himself against charges that he concentrates narrowly on scoring debating points instead of going to the heart of issues. He argues that "your instinct is to strike back" when attacked. He has told of advising young politicians to take a "positive line" and ignore attacks, but with him a positive line always seems to come back to a definition of the party line. This tendency to confuse tactics and principles betrayed itself in the advice he gave Los Angeles GOP workers in calling on them to rebuild the party after it was overwhelmed in 1958.

"You hear a lot these days," he told them, "about how we should change our image. . . . Well, I think we've heard too much such talk and not enough about our principles. I don't think we could make a greater mistake than to say that, because some people don't like being called conservative, the Republican Party should stop being conservative."

Then he explained, as a matter of making the party's philosophy palatable, that the traditional conservatism of the GOP should be interpreted with connotations of "progress" rather than " standpattism." The accent as always was on how conservatism should be made to appear, not on what it should be and do.

Not infrequently he makes meaningful gestures of sympathy toward the left. He backed the social welfare provisions of the earlier Eisenhower budgets. His position on civil rights is unequivocal. He puts a liberal stamp on his defense of foreign aid. His major concession to the populist wing of the party was to urge the nomination of Republican candidates of the Eisenhower stripe as differentiated from the Eisenhower coattail riders – a frank move to dump the dinosaurs of the old President any way.

In taking this line, Nixon ignored the sporadic revolts of right-wingers and wealthy contributors, arguing they would have no choice but to return to the GOP "because it's that or something worse." In defiance of the Taft thesis, he brushed off the protests of reactionary Congressmen, on the theory that they come mostly from rock-ribbed Republican districts where they would win as a matter of course. If by this tactic he drove ultra-conservatives away from the polls, he considered that part of the price he had to pay to broaden the populist image of the party.

In these exercises, Nixon was not unaware of the risks

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to which he subjected the party and his own future. There were predictions in both 1954 and '58 that defeat would fatally undermine his ambitions, but he survived both defeat and his inability to define the issues. His leverage derived, at least in part, from the fact that, with a sick man in the White House, he might become President any way. This contingency made it dangerous for professionals to oppose him openly, even when his strategy and his policies seemed injudicious.

Republicans in California

Nowhere was the disorganization of the Republican Party more apparent than in Nixon's home state. While the strength of the GOP in California began slipping in the 'thirties, there was still plenty of room for optimism as late as 1952 when four political giants – Warren, Knowland, Knight, Nixon – bestrode the state. Internecine strife broke out after that, and by November, 1958, the party lay in ruins. With Warren, Knowland and Knight gone, Nixon was an undisputed leader of California Republicanism, standing like King Pyrrhus amid the wreckage of his victory.

Inevitably, as W. H. Lawrence pointed out in the *New York Times*, politicians raised the question every Presidential nominee has to answer: Could Nixon carry his home state? The Vice President himself was asked whether it was possible to rehabilitate the party in time to carry California in 1960 for the Republican ticket.

"It is definitely possible," he said. "I agree it is a big job, but the difference of a million votes last November was not an indication of the relative strength of the two parties."

Actually, the point at issue was more complicated than a difference of a million votes. The question Nixon had to face was whether it was possible to reunite the California Republican factions while he himself remained in public life.

For nine years he had been at the center of a disastrous series of internal party squabbles. The trouble began in 1949 with the Darby affair, when Los Angeles Supervisor Raymond V. Darby had been sidetracked to make room for Nixon in the Senate race. Professionals could regard that as a neat piece of hijacking, but it left ill feeling in the Southland.

The events of 1952 created new and deeper cleavages that spread statewide. Nixon offended Governor Warren and his supporters, first by his private Presidential poll, then by the convention train episode, then by his Fair Play resolution speech, and finally by his quaint order not to cheer General MacArthur's keynote address. He then proceeded to administer a number of slights to Goodwin Knight, starting right after the convention when Knight was brusquely shoved into the background at the welcome-home rally for Nixon. Thus in quick succession the Vice President made enemies among followers of Warren, Knowland and Knight; and even allowing for the impermanence of political alliances, there were enough charges of bad faith in some of these encounters to cause lasting factional scars.

In 1954, there was the Howard Ahmanson affair. This was a deal that did not come unstitched. As part of an agreement to share control of the California State Central Committee with Knowland and Knight, Nixon's representative had agreed on Knight's man, Ahmanson, as vice chairman. However, after Knight had put to sea on a honeymoon trip, a phone campaign was launched to dump Ahmanson and elect a Nixon man. Word was flashed to both Knowland and Knight; the former flew back from Washington while the latter brought his yacht to wharfside and got busy with a telephone counterattack. The Nixon forces were crushed, and the Vice President's apology, totally unconvincing among the pros, was that his boys had been a little over-eager and he himself had known nothing about their plans. Eventually the intrigue cost Nixon heavily when Ahmanson, whose fortune in insurance and banking is estimated at $150 million, transferred his political support to Governor Pat Brown and the Democrats.

Finally in 1958, there was the fratricidal split when Senator Knowland insisted on pushing Knight out of the gubernatorial contest. The Senator's aim was clear enough – to put himself in position to fight Nixon for the 1960 Presidential nomination. When Knight threatened to oppose Knowland in the primary, it was Nixon

"Shake, Ol' Buddy – Pardon the Glove"

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who intervened in his familiar role as fixer and broker. He told Knight he could support him only for the Senate race, and Knight let himself be convinced. To Nixon it was a purely tactical situation; the question whether Knight, having made a good record, had established an ethical claim to a second term was subordinated to a specious appearance of party harmony. Close students of California politics were led to conclude that Nixon was satisfied to see his two rivals kill each other off, since the battle was guaranteed to leave him the only Republican of stature in the state organization.

Relations with McCarthy

The Vice President's reputation as a factional middleman was a product of his own ingenuity. At the second meeting of the Eisenhower Cabinet in January, 1953, the minutes show Nixon volunteered his services in trying to overcome difficulties between the White House and the Republicans in Congress arising out of "investigations."

The investigations uppermost in all minds at that moment were Senator McCarthy's. With the opening of the Republican 83rd Congress, McCarthy had taken over the chairmanship of the Senate Investigations Subcommittee and had left no doubt that he intended to cut a wide swath. Nixon, having served with McCarthy on that same committee in the previous Congress, knew what to expect.

Moreover, the Vice President had confidence in his ability to make McCarthy a useful member of the Administration team. On the strength of his reputation in the Hiss case, Nixon had lectured the Wisconsin Senator in 1950 when the latter was accusing the State Department of keeping 80 Communists on its payroll.

"Your mistake," Nixon had argued, "is in calling these people Communists. You'd have been on sounder ground to say they are sympathetic toward Communist points of view, are fellow-travelers, or have Communist-front ties. Never make a charge unless you can back it up. Always understate your case."

In 1952 their relations were cordial enough for McCarthy to give Nixon his blessing for the Vice Presidency, and for Nixon to call for the re-election of "my good friend, Joe McCarthy" when his campaign special crossed Wisconsin October 25.

For Nixon, McCarthyism was not so much a form of demagoguery as it was an operational code that differed only in degree from the Southern California strategy on which he had been reared. The Chotiner school proceeded on the theory that Democrats could be conned into voting with the Republican minority, not by plausibility and persuasion, but with evangelical hellfire and brimstone. Adlai Stevenson put his finger on that aspect of McCarthyism in a speech December 13, 1951, calling it the "trademark of a new breed of political demagogue who frightens people with epithets, carelessly impugns the loyalty of patriotic men, and shouts dire forebodings of treacherous doom for America and for all her cherished institutions."

Nixon, having been brought up as a political pulpit-pounder, naturally felt at home with McCarthy's epithets, and he regarded the Wisconsinite as he would any other phenomenon susceptible of manipulation in the partisan struggle. He made that clear in March, 1953, after he had undertaken his role as middleman. In a conference with the USIA Director, Dr. Robert Johnson, and Martin Merson, Nixon tried to reassure them about McCarthy's attacks on the Information Agency. Joe wasn't a bad guy, he told them; you simply had to understand him. When Johnson expressed a desire to talk personally with the Senator, Nixon made it clear that he would decide when the time was appropriate and advised Johnson to keep in touch with him.

The Vice President's relationship with McCarthy during the crucial months of 1953 was not easy to define. He was credited with having worked hard behind the scenes to bring moderation and judgment to McCarthy's investigations. He intervened several times to prevent direct, open warfare with the Executive Department.

When Harold Stassen denounced McCarthy in the spring of '53 for negotiating a deal with Greek shipowners on China trade, Nixon got Dulles together with the Senator, and the upshot was a statement praising McCarthy and humiliating Stassen. At the same time Nixon persuaded McCarthy to call off his threat to investigate the Central Intelligence Agency, the most sensitive counterespionage branch of the government. He talked McCarthy out of keeping J. B. Matthews as chief investigator after the latter had outraged the Administration and even GOP party stalwarts with a threat against the Protestant clergy; and when McCarthy sent the President a letter demanding to know his position on trade with Iron Curtain countries, Nixon persuaded the Senator to let him intercept the letter at the White House before the President was placed in the embarrassing position of having to answer it.

In June, after Eisenhower's speech against book-burning at Dartmouth, Nixon again had a heart-to-heart talk with McCarthy and extracted a promise that he would wind up his book investigation in USIA and turn to less fought-over fields. Earlier, the Vice President had made his own files available to McCarthy for his attack on Communism, but when the Eisenhower Administration itself began to suffer from the Senator's inquisitions, Nixon shifted his strategy. He tried to guide McCarthy away from the Communist issue, telling him he would benefit by broadening his field of activity.

"You should not be known," he told McCarthy, "as a one-shot Senator."

In November, the Vice President urged President Eisenhower not to attack McCarthy directly, notwith-

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standing a flood of contrary advice from Republican circles. At the end of the year, Nixon and McCarthy had another chat in Florida, after which Nixon went out on a limb, telling reporters they could quote a "high Administration source" (himself) to the effect that McCarthy would definitely turn his attention in the new year to Democratic corruption, and away from "Communists" in the present Administration. McCarthy rewarded him for his pains by branding the story a lie, but not even that affront alienated the Administration's tenacious middleman. He came back to Washington and resumed the pattern of conciliation.

Nixon was able to take this latitudinarian view because, according to the Republican Party's official line, Senator McCarthy was a "great asset"; and in the Lincoln Day celebrations of February '54, the Republican National Committee sponsored the Wisconsin demagogue coast-to-coast on a 10-day speaking tour whose theme was "22 years of treason" under Democratic rule. At the end of the month, Nixon was still in McCarthy's corner, arranging the celebrated chicken luncheon for the humiliation of the Secretary of the Army.

On the eve of the even more celebrated Army-McCarthy hearings, Nixon still strived unsuccessfully for a negotiated peace; but with the broadcast of March 13 answering Stevenson's charge that the Republican Party was "divided against itself, half McCarthy, half Eisenhower," the Vice President finally warned against "reckless talk and questionable methods." Even then he did not challenge the essential ethic of the Wisconsin witch hunter. His complaint was tactical: that the McCarthyites had made "themselves the issue rather than the cause they believe in so deeply."

"McCarthy's intentions were right," he said later in defense of his course, "but his tactics were, frankly, so inept at times that he probably did our cause more harm than good."

Thus, in a unique party crisis, Nixon's final evaluation was in terms of ineptitude, not of the anguish McCarthy had engendered in the nation's body politic.

Broker for the White House

Although Nixon's original undertaking as a middleman applied specifically to the McCarthy investigations, and although Eisenhower refrained from giving him any formal status as a deputy Administration leader, his talents as a legislative broker were invoked from time to time on a variety of problems.

In the first weeks of the Administration, the President ran into trouble on the confirmation of two key ambassadorial appointees – "Chip" Bohlen to go to Moscow and James Bryant Conant to Bonn. In both cases, it was Nixon who reassured the edgy right-wingers and who engineered the scrutiny of the FBI reports which settled the security issue. It was Nixon again who during that Congress got Sen. Pat McCarran to call off a filibuster on the immigration bill, and persuaded Chairman Dan Reed of the House Ways and Means Committee to swallow the President's tax program after giving vent to violent rumbles of dissent.

At that period, the Vice President was described as "somersaulting in and out of opposing Republican factions," as "a kind of double agent, now the left's ambassador to the right, now the right's ambassador to the left," whose office "was like the truce tent at Panmunjom."

The Korean truce was one of his problems in those early days – it took some persuading to get Republicans to accept a political settlement after both they and Nixon had long clamored for a military victory. The Bricker amendment, in turn, called for Nixon's best talents. The White House set itself adamantly against the amendment's proposed limitation on the President's treaty-making powers, and it was Nixon who brought the report that sentiment both in and out of Congress was more sympathetic to Bricker than the President had supposed. The Vice President, after first proposing compromise, found himself in loyalty to the White House stalling, placating and negotiating, and finally joining Eisenhower in opposition to Bricker's demand.

Nixon was no less helpful in lesser matters such as the pique of Senators Russell and George at not having been consulted on the formulation as well as the implementation of foreign policy. Through Nixon's efforts as intermediary, Eisenhower invited the distinguished Georgians to lunch, and politeness was restored. When the Vice President learned that most freshman Republican Congressmen were against foreign aid, he assembled a group and in two hours of explanation converted most of them to the Administration's position.

Nixon repeatedly came to the rescue of the foreign aid program. Nothing he has done in official life is more forthright. In 1956 and '57 he spoke at every opportunity in defense of all aspects of the mutual security program, economic as well as military. At a time when right-wingers in the party still clung to the "give-away" slogan they had coined as a weapon against Truman, Nixon did his best to undo the mischief.

"We hear today a chorus of opposition to the so-called give-away foreign aid programs'," he told the Poor Richard Club in Philadelphia, January 17, 1956, "while at the same time we find virtually no opposition to programs which build up our armed strength. . . ."

In succeeding months, he attacked the "give-away" theme before the Lions International in Miami, before the US Chamber of Commerce in Milwaukee, before the Committee for Economic Development in Washington, and before the National Association of Manufacturers in New York. He even defended aid to Communist Poland; and when his political philosophy was challenged at a Baltimore news conference just before the 1958 elec-

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tions, his first thought was of these foreign aid battles.

"I challenge anybody," he said, "who has a more consistent record in the field of foreign aid, starting with the Greek-Turkish loan, going through the Marshall Plan, and making speech after speech for foreign aid two years ago during the budget fight when very few people were speaking for it."

What he said on these occasions was being echoed privately in party councils, with generally favorable effect on the President's program. There is no clear public record of his participation in these secret struggles – at least none so well documented as the McCarthy affair – and there is some doubt whether Nixon's efforts as a legislative go-between were as effective as those of his predecessor, Alben Barkley, but no doubt at all that he did what he could on Eisenhower's behalf.

Sherman Adams

If the Vice President's office was not the crossroads it had been in Barkley's time, it may have been partly because Nixon was not so gregarious, but the conspicuous limiting factor was Sherman Adams, assistant to the President. By and large, the "word" that caused GOP Congressmen to spring into action came direct from Adams in the White House. Adams had won his political spurs in the House and the New Hampshire Governorship. By temperament he was a crusty, self-reliant introvert. He had a jealous regard for the prerogatives of the Chief Executive, and as his own power grew there was less need in his scheme of things for an intermediary, especially one whose Constitutional position placed him outside the Administration.

The full story of Nixon's relationship with Governor Adams remains for the latter's telling, but from 1955 on there were recurrent rumors of a quiet struggle for power; gossips called it the biggest backstage story in Washington. Whether Adams ever deliberately prevented the Vice President from moving to the center of the stage, within the Administration as well as the Republican Party, is obscure because neither side could afford the appearance of discord.

At any rate, some eyebrows were lifted quizzically when a House investigating subcommittee in the summer of 1958 stumbled on the fact that Adams had been indiscreet – that the keeper of the Administration's moral code had accepted a vicuna coat and other gifts from Bernard Goldfine, a wealthy fringe operator in New England textiles and real estate. When it also appeared that Adams had telephoned federal agencies about Goldfine cases which were under administrative review, the President's assistant became an obvious political liability. It was a case of a vicuna for a mink, and the symbol of Trumanite corruption vanished.

Eisenhower made a desperate effort to save Adams. In June, Nixon became involved when he rebuked Republican leaders publicly for "acting like a bunch of cannibals" as soon as one of their number got in trouble, but he took a less forthright tone when the President called on him three times in July and August for advice. Adams thanked Nixon for his public support (Knowland was demanding his resignation), but two Adams-Nixon conferences failed to hit on a formula for rescuing the Governor. When it became apparent that in the fall election Republican candidates would be compelled almost universally to repudiate Adams, and that the latter's relationship with the incoming Congress would thereby be fatally impaired, his resignation followed quickly in September.

If Nixon was powerless in the situation, Adams' fall nevertheless cost Nixon nothing in prestige; and, for all anyone knew, it may have given him access to new power. No one suggested the Vice President had cause to grieve over the President's loss of a trusted aide.

On one other occasion, Nixon's hand showed clearly in the GOP's factional in-fighting and in the struggle for control in the 1960 preconvention period. That occasion was in January, 1959, in the revolt against House Minority Leader Joe Martin. After nearly 20 years in the leadership, the Massachusetts veteran was taken unawares when a cabal of insurgents, meeting between Thursday and Tuesday, hammered out a bare majority of 74 to 70 and elected Charles Halleck as a more aggressive captain for the shrunken GOP opposition.

Martin specifically named Rep. Bob Wilson, the same Wilson who handled Nixon's campaign in 1956 and who was rushed to Alaska to handle that campaign in 1958, as the "Nixon man" who had helped organize his downfall. "If you'd done everything Ike ever asked you," he said sadly, "wouldn't you think he'd stand by you?"

The answer of course was that Ike had left the political preparations for 1960 in other hands, self-serving hands, the hands of men in a hurry whose loyalties were in pawn to the future not the past.

NEXT WEEK: *Nixon as moralizer - how to win without cheating - the last in this series*

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Miss McCarthy and the Medici

by William Jay Smith

No one needs to be reminded at this late date that Mary McCarthy is a daring, original, and forceful writer; and never has she been bolder in her attack on any subject than in the present volume in which she gives us what she considers the essential Florence. She sets out to clear away the picturesque clutter that came in with the Victorians, all that has gone to build up the "tooled-leather idea of Florence as a dear bit of the old world," a city that belonged only to its foreign residents, to the "old maids of both sexes," retired librarians, governesses, gentlemen painters, dabblers of all kinds, who wanted somehow to keep it preciously to themselves. In so doing, she writes with none of the ecstatic sighs and awed whispers that we associate with late 19th Century travelers. She speaks calmly and coldly as if she were attacking the stones of Florence themselves: her sentences have a nervous chiselled quality; and occasionally, when she seems to feel that her reader's attention is about to wander, she comes down hard and introduces an image calculated to shock him into recognition. The cruel tower of the Palazzo Vecchio pierces the sky, she writes, "like a stone hypodermic needle." This is certainly not the city of the guidebooks nor of the conventional art history.

The Stones of Florence
by Mary McCarthy
Photographs by Evelyn Hofer
and others
(Harcourt, Brace; $15)

Florence today, Miss McCarthy begins, is for the summer traveler something to be endured more than appreciated. It is full of banks (indeed this city of bankers, although she fails to mention the fact, has given the world its standard bank architecture), loan agencies, insurance companies, shops selling placemats, doilies and tooled-leather desk sets. With its dreary main piazza, its forbidding fortress-like buildings, its lackluster cafés, it strikes the traveler at once as dull and provincial. The noise, confined within narrow stone canyons, is deafening; the traffic, intolerable ("one old American lady, the mother-in-law of an author, walking on Via Guicciardini, had the distinction of being hit by two bicycles, from the front and rear simultaneously"). One is cheated, robbed, poorly housed, miserably fed, devoured by mosquitoes; and in constant danger of being killed by motor scooters and bits of falling masonry. The Florentines appear to be just what Dante said they were, "stingy, envious, and proud"; and extremely reluctant to give one proper directions. The museums are the worst-hung and worst-organized in Italy; there is no night life. "How can you stand it?" the traveler asks, and usually gets out. Miss McCarthy stayed; and her answer to the question, in the remainder of her book, as she weaves in and out among Florentine artifacts as if through traffic, is that one endures it all because it is there to be endured, a "terrible city, in many ways, uncomfortable and dangerous to live in, a city of drama, argument, and struggle."

With her clinical eye Miss McCarthy views Florence as constantly at war with itself, split into rival factions, Black and White, Guelph and Ghibelline, throughout its long history. But it was not just the masses that veered back and forth; the individual Florentine was "liable to shifts of passion or lapses into barbarism, as though he constituted a mob in himself." The tension within the individual was sexual as well as political; homosexuality was rampant in this new Athens. Only in the pursuits of the intellect was the energy of Florence properly channeled; only in art did it achieve a powerful and tragic unity. It is no wonder that its colors were the colors of stone and metal, and that its music was that of the hammer and chisel. The drama of Florentine life resulted, in the case of Brunelleschi, in the art of perfect balance. This plain bald little man who raised the dome of the Cathedral at its center epitomizes for Miss McCarthy the greatness of the city; and it is against him that she measures all other artists. Not all of them achieved his balance by any means. Uccello, to whom she devotes some of her most interesting pages, is for her the first modern artist who was really "cracked."

"In daring," Miss McCarthy remarks "the Florentines excelled; that is why their architecture and their sculpture and much of their painting have such a virile character." Florence, unlike Venice or Siena, is a masculine city, descended from a pioneer version of Rome established in the wild mountains; many of its streets still run straight out toward the mountain of Fiesole "like streets in the raw towns of the American Far West." The Florentines were innovators, and felt a compulsion to be first in everything: they wrote the first important work in the Vulgar tongue, indeed, they gave Italy its literary language; they raised the first massive dome and created the finest statuary since antiquity, composed the first opera, and the first literary and art criticism in a modern sense; they were the first political scientists; they discovered perspective; they tried literally to move mountains and to fly through the air. The list is unending simply because Florence invented the Renaissance, which is the same as saying that it created the modern world. Not, of course, Miss McCarthy adds, "an unmixed good."

There is nothing new in this cataloguing of Florentine achievement; but the peculiar merit of Miss McCarthy's book is that it makes us look at all these things close-up and in our own terms, as if they had happened yesterday, not isolated but related one to the other, reported upon and examined by an intelligence that is nervously concerned with them. She sees her job as that of a restorer, like one of those modern Florentines in whom the old skills survive, at work on a crumbling fresco, remov-

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ing the layers of overpainting and getting down to the original.

But the dangers of the restorer is that in removing paint and dirt he may make the original appear too bright and new; in bringing everything close-up, the writer may tend to magnify the insignificant. Miss McCarthy's predilection for gossip whether five years or five hundred years old makes some of her paragraphs seem patchworks of trivia. Speaking of the Florentine Mannerists, who were, she says, the first modern painters in the sense that their work could not be understood and appreciated by a great proportion of their contemporaries, she rightly remarks that the "faculty of eliciting inappropriate comparisons is always a mark of strain in art." She herself is not without it. The description of the "Deposition" of Pontormo looking "as though Cecil Beaton had done the costumes for a requiem ballet on Golgotha" may be suggestive but it is certainly strained; and her characterization of Michelangelo's figures of Night and Day, Twilight and Dawn as "somewhat rubbery" is sure to rub many readers the wrong way. But no matter; better her brightness than the tedium of the "tooled leather" commentators; and one who can see the Pitti Palace "with wings extended in a glaring gravel courtyard, like a great brown flying lizard, basking in the terrible sun," has an eye that is far from ordinary.

The 128 black-and-white photographs, principally by Evelyn Hofer, and the twelve color plates, which accompany the text, are, on the whole, magnificent. I agree with Miss McCarthy that Miss Hofer's work has "an astonishing, even uncanny fidelity" to the "essential Florence." But it is a Florence one never sees; and how Miss Hofer managed some of the shots "amid the hazards of Florentine traffic" without being suspended at times by rope from the palazzi is a mystery. The freakish angles and the odd choice of detail give many of the photographs a chichi quality that is not wholly absent from the text. They all seem to have been taken at high noon or at midnight and in midsummer; there is a minimum of shadow, and nowhere a hint of the fog and haze so typical of Florence in autumn and winter. An unreal and incongruous silence hangs over the scenes; the streets have been vacuumed of litter and of people. Expert though she is, Miss Hofer like Miss McCarthy has cleaned things up a trifle too much; and as if to bear out the fact that the two ladies have been overly concerned with their dusting, we are given at the very end of the book a glorious and totally pointless close-up of Florentine garbage-collecting equipment, made to look like modern or pre-Columbian sculpture, a bicycle-propelled platform complete with two cans and a twig broom.

Florence itself is sure to be torn apart by the book; those Florentine professors who bother to read it will be all for it because even if they disagree with most of her judgments they will feel that she is championing them against the omnipresent tasteless tourist; the members of the Anglo-American colony will be violently against it because they will find themselves neglected, indeed eliminated. It will be the old story of Florence divided against itself; for Florence today is not just Tuscan Florence nor has it been for some time. The city did not entirely stop developing with the fall of the republic and the final arrival of the Medici, as Miss McCarthy with her neat democratic bias would like us to believe. (Her antipathy to the Medici in general is such that she seems at times almost literally to sicken at the sight of the pills on their coat of arms, a reaction as extreme in its way as that of writers like G. H. Young, who felt on the contrary that the great old dynasty could really have done no wrong.)

Florence is a small provincial city, but in a sense it does belong to the world. Miss McCarthy overlooks the essential fact that on her death in 1743 Anna Maria Ludovica, the last Medici, gave to the state of Tuscany forever all the art treasures collected by the family throughout the centuries on condition that they should never be removed from Florence, and should be for the benefit of the public of all nations. Were it not for that legacy, Florence would still be a city like Lucca, its ancient enemy which in many ways it resembles; and without it Miss McCarthy would not have written this book. No matter how violently one may object to some of its pronouncements nor how unsettling one may find its vague and frequently incorrect use of Italian, it is brilliantly conceived, bold, and refreshing.

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Oracles for Teenagers

by Janet Winn

The quiz show revelations have caused much worry about the morality of the country as a whole. But there is one group of Americans – our adolescents – about whose morals there need be no concern at all. One has only to read one of the current books of guidance, addressed to this class, to see how really virtuous our youth must be. I have three of these books before me, one of them a last year's best seller, the other two just published last month. I don't know when I've been in the presence of so much ennobling thought and precept.

'Twixt Twelve and Twenty
by Pat Boone
(Prentice-Hall; $2.95)

Your Happiest Years
by Dick Clark
(Random House; $2.95)

Dear Teenager
by Abigail Van Buren
(Random House; $2.95)

The most outstandingly moral of the three books is Pat Boone's *'Twixt Twelve and Twenty*. Mr. Boone, as you may know, is a *magna cum laude* graduate of Columbia, but unlike another famous ex-Columbian, he has not let his learning go to his head. "Let's get this straight," he declares, "I'm no great cheer leader for a lot of education-just-for-education's sake. I don't discourage that," he adds, "but most of us all will have our hands full just learning the things we ought to know to be happy and successful."

What Mr. Boone has in mind is "all round development" and to this end he offers the reader a "maturity check sheet." This imposing document, which the author graciously allows to be not of his, but of a lady named Gale Storm's invention, contains such categories as Spiritual, Social, Mental, Physical and Financial; and the reader's task is to "grow" in each one of them. The task is considerably facilitated by the author's abundant use of examples set by famous people ("... if Jerry Lewis isn't embarrassed at giving thanks in front of friends, you and I needn't be either"), but most especially by the stories he tells about himself. "Like the time," to cite a typically illuminating incident from Mr. Boone's remembered past,

> "... we were offered a chance to record a brand new rock-'n-roll song. We all thought it was going to be a sure hit, but the lyrics were suggestive and so we didn't record it. Another singer did with changed lyrics, and it sold over a million records. Wish I'd thought of changing the lyrics! But you can see what it means to me to find friends in the business world who are willing to put sound principles ahead of material gain. That's something!"

It should not be supposed, however, that Mr. Boone includes in his narrative only those incidents that do credit to himself. He emphatically denies being "a boy saint or a hot-house plant" and admits, with perfect candor, to a number of personal failings. He discloses, for example, that as a boy he played spin-the-bottle and even "tried drinking a couple of times." He has managed since to break himself of both habits – but "I told you I was no saint," and that's encouraging to know. A more serious failing of Mr. Boone's boyhood was a tendency toward religious doubt, but that too was nipped in the bud.

"You hear the words 'coincidence' and 'evolution' and you wonder," Mr. Boone concedes. But, he continues, "is it sensible to you that this intricate magnificent creation, this awesome universe, was an accident? Would it run by accident? Look at your wrist watch. Could it have been made by accident? It just didn't make sense to me when I really thought about it."

That being that, we move on to a discussion of the efficacy of prayer and then to what is probaby the most remarkable story in the book. It has to do with Mr. Boone's high-school career, but its flavor bears comparison to that of the biblical parables. I shall not attempt to reproduce this flavor, but you may see what I mean. Young Pat, it appears, had a particular reason for attending high school: he wanted very much to become president of the student body, and from his first day on he worked ceaselessly toward this goal, devoting himself to Clean Up Committees and all other possible statesmanlike functions. He did this for three long years. Finally the election took place – and Pat lost! It was a terrible blow, but what was most hard to bear was the fact that the winner was an athlete, who had only been at the school a year and had, as far as the loser could see, no qualifications for the job. On the contrary, he was "a carefree kind of guy." "I recall," writes the author, "discussing this very thing with God." And then a wonderful thing happened. Pat found himself free, suddenly, of all pique and resentment, so free indeed, that he was actually able to pray that the other fellow might make a good president of the student body. Wait. This isn't the end of the story.

The next fall, when school reopened, it turned out that the athlete was ineligible for the presidency (this isn't fully explained, the author merely aludes to "something that had happened that summer") and so Pat became president after all. This still isn't the end. For Pat, to his astonishment, felt no "gloating triumph," only pity for the other man. And "I think," he concludes "that this defeat was a necessary lesson for me to learn in case I had to handle success later on. I picked up some humility, and learned that my efforts weren't necessarily going to win any prizes unless they fitted His plans."

As it happened, Mr. Boone did have to handle success later on – he became a famous singer and television star – and here again Heavenly Providence appears to have played a role. For Mr. Boone had thought originally of becoming a teacher, "English or Speech preferred," supposing success as a singer to be beyond his deserts. Teaching is still on his mind – "if the bubble bursts," he writes, "that will be my direction. I could even have one of your children in my class!" – but there is little danger of this at present, for Mr. Boone is doing very well as an entertainer. I'm sure every parent will join me in wishing him continued success.

Dick Clark, the author of *Your Happiest Years*, is another young man who has met with success but has not lost his sense of values. The source of Mr. Clark's fame is a television program called "American Bandstand" which

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consists for the most part of teenagers dancing, very expertly, to music provided by Mr. Clark. The apparent effortlessness of these proceedings is an illusion, however, for "I've put in plenty of fifteen- and eighteen-hour days and expect to do the same for years to come." Mr. Clark then makes the assertion – a curious one in the light of recent events – that *"despite rumors to this effect, people don't just hand you money on a platter and say, 'Take it'."* He goes on to say that "work is one of the most satisfying experiences anyone can have," and urges the reader to try it. "It's strange how the experience acquired in high school can pay big dividends later."

The author is also a great believer in "the process of learning." Take Arthur Godfrey, he writes,

> "Now there's a fellow who never had a great deal of formal education, but what he has learned along the way would put most of us to shame. He can fly a plane, is a musician, can ice-skate, ride show horses and do a couple of dozen other things."

And "I know in my own case," Mr. Clark (Syracuse '51) adds, "I still do a good bit of reading and studying to improve myself."

Like Mr. Boone, Mr. Clark is very taken with maturity. In his chapter "Separating the Men From the Boys," he tells the story of a young man who came to his office one day and announced: "I'm nineteen years old and I've never kissed a girl." Upon careful questioning it came out that "oh, he wanted to kiss one, but he'd let this fear build up in him to the point that it had become a real 'thing' with him." Mr. Clark could only suggest that the boy see a psychiatrist, which the boy promised to do, but he was never heard from since, and the author is evidently still brooding about the outcome.

With a few possible exceptions, such as Mr. Clark's remarks on "the price of hero worship," I've covered all the high spots of his narrative. All in all, *Your Happiest Years* is not nearly the solid achievement that *'Twixt Twelve and Twenty* is (there isn't a word in it about God), and I don't think it's absolutely necessary that you buy a copy.

Dear Teenager by Abigail Van Buren is something else again. The author is an older woman – she is the mother of two teenagers and the wife of "a handsome young businessman with a Midas touch" – and her book reflects this. It is a more detached work than Mr. Boone's and Mr. Clark's. You might even call it a more *mature* one. On education, for example, Miss Van Buren takes quite a different line from the one taken by Mr. Boone. *She* feels that education-just-for-education's sake is not a waste of time. On the contrary, "it helps you to *live* better." And, she points out, "I'm not just talking about better jobs and better salaries. I'm talking about living with *yourself*. A liberal education broadens your perspective, enriches your personality and gives you a truer sense of values. . . . It can even teach you to relax!"

Here is an even better instance of the author's ability to take the long view of her subject – the automobile in this case. While Mr. Boone and Mr. Clark merely advise the reader not to get killed if he can possibly help it, Miss Van Buren urges him not to drive at all. For "according to a recent survey cars and A's in high school don't mix." The survey revealed that

> ". . . Not a single straight-A student questioned owned a car. Only 15 percent of the B students owned cars.
>
> But 41 percent of the C students had cars and so did 71 percent of the D students.
>
> And what about the flunkers? *Eighty-three percent owned cars!"*

If this does not persuade the reader – he may still prefer flunking to walking – this piece of reasoning ought to:

> "When you're an adult you'll want a fine automobile. Fine automobiles cost money. To get money you'll need an education. Get the message? Swell. Now I'll lend you my roller-skate key."

But Miss Van Buren's real forte is sex. She advocates, as do Messrs. Clark and Boone, continence; but she is a great deal more persuasive about it. She justly observes that "the only real popularity earned by going too far or all the way is the dubious distinction of being the hot topic of a male bull session," and what is more, "word will get around to your girl friends too. Nice, eh?" She allows that "fellows like to experiment," but "when a decent boy gets serious about someone . . . that someone will be someone he respects." (This must be what Mr. Boone was getting at when he said "We didn't 'cotton' to bold girls in Tennessee.") "If a boy really likes you" (this is taken from the chapter entitled "How do I handle a 'mad lover'?"), "a slap won't anger him. He will respect you for it."

For "the fellow who asks you to 'prove' your love," Miss Van Buren feels nothing but scorn: "that proving bit is one of the oldest and rottenest lines ever invented." The "older fellow" is someone else the author has little use for. "Why does he rob the cradle?" she asks. "Do girls his own age find him unattractive? Is he desperate for dates? . . . What's *wrong* with the guy?" The nymphet reader is warned against "the fancy talk that this confidence man has learned in his old age" and urged to reject all offers of "a quiet little drive in the country." "Girls who are wise will date young guys," she concludes.

Other subjects covered by Miss Van Buren are: What should I talk about on a date? Should I let him kiss me on the first date? Should I date out of my faith? I think I'm in trouble. My parents think my friends are creepy. My parents are busy. My parents don't trust me. I don't have any friends. No boy ever dates me twice. Can I love someone at first sight? Everyone says I'm a slob. I'm too tall. I'm too short. I'm not "stacked." I'm no brain. Everybody picks on me. I'd like to know more about life. I can't stand certain people. I don't know how to kiss. How can we control ourselves? All these, and many other problems, are admirably handled by "The Matron Saint of Teen-Agers," as the *Denver Post* has called Miss Van Buren. I trust her book will receive the attention it deserves.

"ONCE UPON A TIME, *when popular fiction admitted both Good Guys and Bad Guys, evil was a palpable force, waiting beyond the cottonwood trees. Now we have a more permissive universe, peopled only by Good Guys, a few of whom do not see the light until the closing chapters. There can be no real snakes in Eden any more; there must be instead, to account for unpleasantness and violence, a Problem. A Problem can be exorcised, as sin cannot be, by A Liberal Education (words and music by Mark Van Doren).*"

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A Lion Named Passion

> *". . . the girl had walked past several cages occupied by other lions before she was seized by a lion named Passion. It was from his cage that keepers recovered the body."*
> –*The New York Times*, May 16, 1958

Hungering on the gray plain of its birth
For the completion of the sunny cages
To hold all its unruly, stretching forth
Its longest streets and narrowest passages,
The growing city paws the yielding earth,
And rears its controlling stones. Its snarl damages
The dull, unruffled fabric of silences
In which the world is wrapped. The day advances
And shadows lengthen as their substances
Grow more erect and rigid, as low hearth
And high, stark tower rise beneath the glances
Of anxious, ordered Supervision. North
Bastion and eastern wall are joined, and fences
Are finished between the areas of Mirth
And the long swards of Mourning. Growth manages
At once vigor of spurts, and the rigor of stages.

If not the Just City, then the Safe one: sea
And mountain torrent warded off, and all
The wildest monsters caged, that running free,
The most exposed and open children shall
Fear no consuming grasp. Thus the polity
Preserves its fast peace by the burial
Of these hot barbarous sparks whose fiery, bright
Eruption might disturb blackness of night
And temperateness of civil love. The light
Of day is light enough, calm, gray, cozy
And agreeable. And beasts? The lion might
Be said to dwell here, but so tamed is he,
– Set working in the streets, say, with no fright
Incurred by these huge paws which turn with glee
A hydrant valve, while playing children sprawl
And splash to the bright spray, dribbling a shiny ball –
So innocent he is, his huge head, high
And chinny, pointed over his shoulder, more
A lion rampant, blazoned on the sky,
Than monster romping through the streets, with gore
Reddening his jaws; so kind of eye
And clear of gaze is that sweet beast, that door
Need never shut, nor window bar on him.
But look! Look there! One morning damp and dim
In thick, grey fog, or even while the slim
And gaily tigering shadows creep on by
The porch furniture on hot noons, see him
Advancing through the streets, with monstrous cry,
Half plea, half threat, dying in huff of flame!
This must be some new beast! As parents spy,
Safe, from behind parked cars, he damps his roar –
It is the little children he is making for!

When elders, not looking at each other, creep
Out of their hiding places, little men,
Little women, stare back, resentment deep
Inside their throats at what had always been
A Great Place for the Kids: infants asleep
And growing, boys and girls, all, all eaten,
Burned by the prickly heat of baby throbbing,
Already urging scratching hands; the sobbing
After certain hot hurts in childhood; stabbing
Pulses and flashing floods of summer that leap
Out, in the dusk of childhood, at youth, dabbing
At the old wounds from which fresh feelings seep.
"O help me! I am being done!" the bobbing
Hip and awakened leg, one day, from heap
Of melting body call. Done? No, undone!
Robbing the grave of first fruits, the beast feeds again.

Burning is being consumed by flaming beasts,
Rebellious and unappeasable. The wind
Of very early morning, finally, casts
A cool sweet quenching draught on hunger's end,
Those ashes and whitened bones. Each day, to lists
Of dead and sorely wounded are assigned
The tasks of memory. Mute crowds push by
The useless cages and restraining, high,
(But not retaining) walls. Against the sky
Only these ruins show at dawn, like masts,
Useless in ships becalmed, but hung with dry
Corpses, or like unheeded fruit that blasts
High in trees, wasted. Menacing, wild of eye,
The city, having missed its spring, now feasts,
Nastily, on itself. Jackals attend
The offal. And new cities raven and distend.

John Hollander

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One Day in the World's Newspapers

by Louis M. Lyons

Our world has grown so small in terms of communication that on a given day twelve out of the fourteen leading newspapers on five continents led with the same news. Twelve of the fourteen agreed also on what was the second story, and most of them picked the same top five stories.

This was, to be sure, an extraordinary day, November 2, 1956, when both the Suez crisis and the Hungarian tragedy came to their separate climaxes. It was the final week of the American Presidential election, and the day of announcement of the Nobel prizes. Algeria was in the headlines everywhere. What the readers in the Communist countries read about Hungary was very different from the story in the rest of the world, but with this key exception, the similarities in these newspapers around the world are much more striking than their differences, both in appearance and in content. It is amazing how uniform the definition of news is in the world's leading papers, and how nearly universal are the techniques of journalism.

One Day in the World's Press
Fourteen Great Newspapers
on a Day of Crisis.
Edited with a commentary by
Wilbur Schramm
(Stanford; $6.95)

In fact, the differences among most of these newspapers are less than the difference between each and many other papers in its own land. For these fourteen newspapers are the leading papers of their respective countries, the "prestige" papers, read by the influential groups in their countries, and mutually influencing and influenced by them.

The journalistic *tour de force* that collects one day's edition of each of these fourteen leading newspapers in one cover is an enterprise of the International Communication Project at Stanford University. Its editor, Wilbur Schramm, had help from the Ford Foundation to achieve a marvel of translation and typography. Except that it is turned into English, each paper appears just as its own readers saw it that day – the same headline size, the same type; even the German script is kept for the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. Only the Japanese *Asahi* had to have its columns turned to make translation possible. Thus we have a graphic journalistic world tour.

The selection of the day, November 2, 1956, was one on which, Schramm says, "history seemed to balance on a knife edge." It was the day the UN assembly voted for a cease-fire in Egypt, the day the Soviet tanks returned to Budapest to crush the Hungarian revolt.

The newspapers have been selected for total political balance in part: four European Communist papers, *Pravda, Trybuna Ludu* of Warsaw, *Rude Pravo* of Prague, *Borba* of Belgrade; and four non-Communist papers of Europe, *The Times* of London, *Le Monde* of Paris, Germany's *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Sweden's *Dagens Nyheter;* the rest represent other continents, *The New York Times, La Prensa, The Times of India, Asahi*, China's *Jen-Min Jih-Pao*, and Cairo's *Al Ahram*, where the bombs were dropping.

In Wilbur Schramm's terms, the key questions on that day were: who was being told what about Suez? about Hungary? This is almost too easy, yet even it has its surprises. All these papers were telling of war in Egypt and of the protests of Nehru and Eisenhower, and the debate at the UN. But they told it very differently. In Moscow and Peking and Prague the top headline was an editorial, "Hands Off Egypt."

In *Pravda* the reader has to hunt hard for a small item on the back page that tells him everything was quiet in Hungary. But in Warsaw, where the dust had just settled on their own milder revolt, the top headline is "New Soviet Army Units Enter Hungary," and in Yugoslavia's capital, their independence from the Moscow line is vividly expressed in straight news headlines on Egypt and realistic discussion of Hungary, both in news and editorial.

In Cairo, they naturally enough have space for nothing but their invasion; but *The Times of India* is equally preoccupied with the Suez issue, and, like Nehru himself that day, appears unaware of Hungary's tragedy. The German paper, stodgiest looking of any but *Pravda*, headlines the top news on Egypt and Hungary but focuses its editorial attention on its own economic issues. *Le Monde* has to find front page space for Algeria even on that day of global explosions. But both *Le Monde* and *The London Times*, with their governments committed to war, exhibit extraordinary objectivity in reporting their own governments' decision and the turbulent division over it that day in the British House of Commons.

The New York Times that day, as every day, covered the world like a blanket, 14 stories, all by its own correspondents, on page one: seven on the Suez crisis, one on Hungary, four on the Presidential campaign; one on local New York politics; and one on the Nobel Prizes. *The Times* had more column inches on Suez than all four of the West European papers. Its news proportion between Suez and Hungary ran approximately the world average, seven to one. Only the Swedish paper gave Suez and Hungary equal space. Editor Schramm underscores this disproportion as a journalistic blind spot that day, although he concedes that the world statesmen were seeing history's glass just as darkly. I think he loses something of perspective in this emphasis. He himself sums up the developments to show us that in the preceding weeks the Hungarian crisis had first overshadowed the danger in the Middle East, and then, in turn, the outbreak of war against Egypt buried the news from Hungary. Schramm suggests a characteristic tendency of the press to focus on one series of events at a time. It was Moberley Bell, manager of *The London Times*, who 65 years ago warned their Balkan correspondent that the British public was used to only one story at a time, and two stories from the Balkans would be more than they could stand.

But, as the news ran, the story from Hungary had seemed to pass its climax the day before; the triumph of the revolt had been reported. But that very day Nagy had announced withdrawal from the Warsaw pact and overnight the Soviet tanks were brought rumbling back to Budapest. Nagy's anguished plea to the UN had not yet diverted the assembly from its Suez debate. *The Times*, like most of the world press, had not yet perceived that triumph had already passed to tragedy in Hungary.

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There was, however, a paper that did fully appreciate it: Though Stockholm's *Dagens Nyheter* had to go to press a full seven hours before *The New York Times* that night, it reported the tragic reversal in Hungary in full through first person descriptions by its own correspondents. And its editorials that day denounced "The Incredible Crime" in Hungary and also bemoaned "The Tragic Split" in the UN that had cost, they said, the freedom of Hungary.

The only nearly equal prescience shown in the world press that day was in far off Tokyo, where *Asahi* said, "It may well be that the government that will collapse is not Nasser's but Eden's."

In the hindsight of history, what *Dagens Nyheter* said that day makes the editorials of *The London Times* and *The New York Times* look fairly parochial. The two *Timeses* were most concerned with what the Suez venture would do to the mutual relations of their two countries. *The London Times* sharply criticizes Eden for "a lack of candor" toward Eisenhower. *The New York Times* is anxious that Britain and France do not bear all the blame for Suez.

The Swedish newspaper takes top honors for that day, and not only on Hungary, but in its lively sense of participation in the day's high drama, and in its broad sweep of coverage. It interviewed every one of the five Nobel Prize winners and had a scientist's article describing their achievements. It has a whole page on the American presidential campaign.

The precise, detached reporting of *Asahi* also stands out. The biggest surprise is the Chinese Communist *Jen-Min Jih-Pao*. It says just what *Pravda* does about Suez. But where Pravda looks like a court calendar of official statements, most of them repeating the full personnel of a delegation from Syria on a round of ministerial receptions, the Chinese paper has news heads and a make-up like the Western papers.

The front page focus on the historic events of that day divert our attention inevitably from the rich variety of domestic news in nearly all these great papers. But even on that day, these leading papers devoted three-fifths of their space, on average, to domestic news – the English language papers most of all.

An inescapable difficulty in comparing coverage of the swift anti-climax in Hungary is, of course, the time difference. Deadlines were seven, eight, ten hours earlier in Frankfurt, Moscow and India than New York. A newspaperman quickly spots the fact that only *The New York Times* could catch the Suez vote of the UN from its dawn session. He then notes the different stages of development of the Hungary story in different countries. When the Communist papers look about a day behind the news from Budapest, one suspects the time gap is taken up by official clearance of what goes in. But the time differential is a factor with others which Schramm ignores. It makes the enterprise in Stockholm to overcome it all the more extraordinary.

But the special experience of *One Day in the World's Press* is its totality, to see just what the readers of the world's top newspapers read that same day. It is a fascinating exhibit.

ART

Lovely to Look At

The golden age of the art book is upon us and will very likely continue even beyond the decline of literacy. Indeed the decline of literacy is one factor responsible for the golden age. As television and aircraft identification methods of language instruction between them render reading ever more burdensome, art becomes ever more popular as the milieu of the cultural-intellectual life. And since inflation – of price along with other values – rules in the art market itself, the art book ever more clearly presents itself as the way out.

Etruscan Art
Text by Raymond Bloch
(New York Graphic Society; $25)

Masterpieces of European Sculpture
by Martin Hurlimann
(Abrams; $15)

Italian Villas and Palaces
by Georgina Masson
(Abrams; $17.50)

A History of Dutch Art and Life
by J. J. M. Timmers
(Nelson; $15)

Picasso Drawings
by Maurice Jardot
(Abrams; $15)

Czechoslovakia: Romanesque and Gothic Illuminated Manuscripts
by Jan Kvêt
(UNESCO & NY Graphic Society; $18)

The Prado
by F. J. Sanchez Canton
(Abrams: $7.50)

The results of these conditions are apparent in this year's annual winter flood of art books. In the flood are a number of full-fledged intellectual enterprises; they will be dealt with another time. Most of the season's offerings are large, good-looking extensions of the field of art available for the home library. The stress is on looking and this is all to the good. The American art public is going through a process of discovery not necessarily different in kind from the Renaissance discovery of antiquity or the discovery of South Sea island magic. The *temps perdu* is being *recherched* like mad.

Etruscan Art, for example, makes available in 71 color plates and another 30 black and white pictures the whole range of what is known of pre-Roman art in central Italy. The Greek connection is very clear, but it came from an earlier Greece than the one the Romans copied and made us sick of. Gold ornaments show a remarkable similarity to the Greek export work in the Scythian Treasure. In painted terra-cotta that eternal European smile appears that is to show up 15 centuries later on medieval cathedrals and later still in Leonardo's paintings. Tomb decorations in fresco and tomb mementos in statuettes and jewelry suggest poignantly the vitality of a people of whom we continue to know very little.

Masterpieces of European Sculpture

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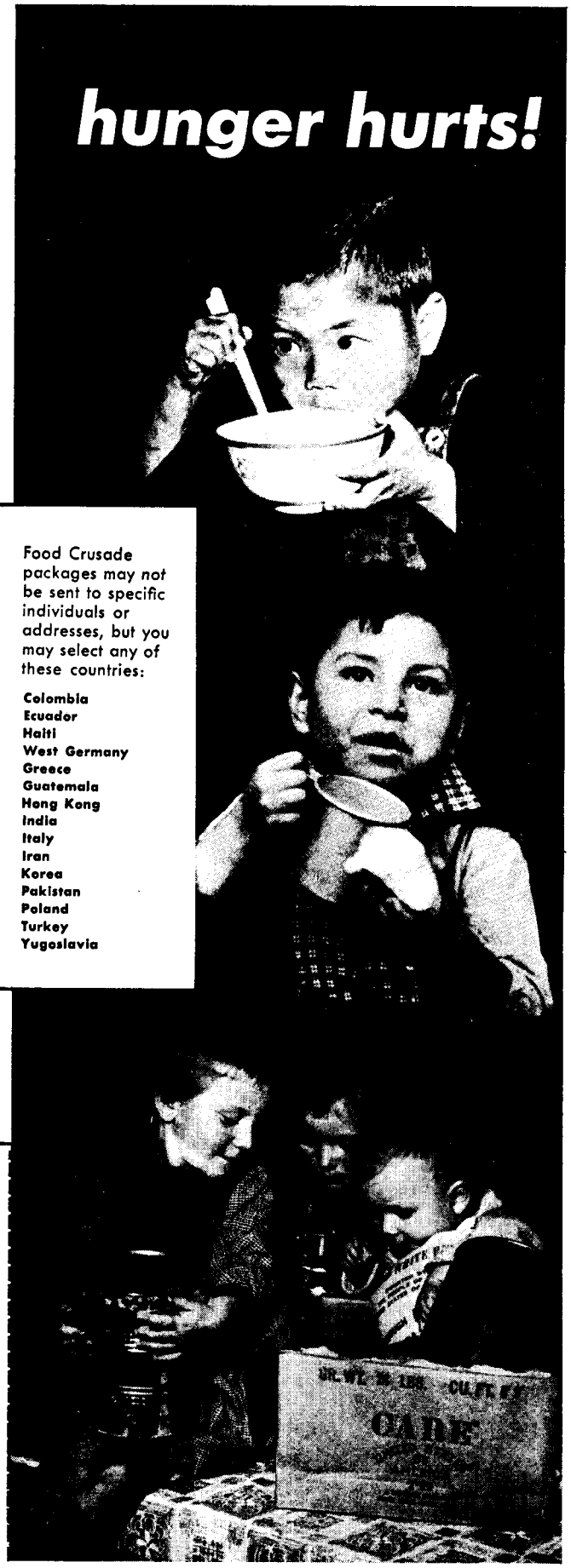

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assembles 177 superb sculpture photographs, including ten in color. The range is from the fifth century BC to the last decade. Almost all the works are of the human figure, the latest being Moore, Marcks and Marini. Notes are informative without detracting from the experience of looking; Newton's essay, like all his writing, attracts the reader to that experience and makes it more meaningful.

One of the perennial problems of the Italian Renaissance – not for the scholar, but for the ordinary citizen ordinarily familiar with art and history – is that posed by Harry Lime: how could that art and that history co-exist? The highest achievements in the pursuit of pure form appeared not only side by side but in intimate relationship with the ruthless and unprincipled struggle for power. One answer is Machiavelli's: politics itself as pure form. I found another a year ago in the magnificent exhibition of Renaissance decorative arts at the Detroit Institute. Not that the chests, tables, tapestries, weapons and vessels were "immoral" in any sense of that word, but they were the frame, the background, of both the art and the politics, and seemed perfectly compatible with both. An extension and collaboration of the Detroit answer is in the 193 photographs of *Italian Villas and Palaces*. The spirit of the photographer, Miss Masson, is perfectly suited to her subject. In sweeping views of house and garden, in close details of architectural painting and sculpture, in a pedestrian's progress through rooms and courts, she finds the patrons and power-seekers on the street where they lived. The buildings and their settings completely unify the painting and the politics and in themselves are forever magnificent.

A History of Dutch Life and Art performs, in general, the same service for Holland. The range is vast, taking in prehistoric relics as well any major movement in European art and architecture that touched ever so lightly on the Lowlands. In several of the most important centuries the book is visually enhanced by interpreting "Dutch" to include "Flemish." In addition to an all but comprehensive selection of art and artifacts, the 580 black and white photographs include some striking air views of the land, the sea and the cities. The thorough and scholarly text is repeatedly rescued from dullness by the sheer fascination implicit in the material.

I mentioned recently the growing difficulty of getting together yet one more book on Picasso, but *Picasso Drawings* does it again. More than 150 black and white and four color plates provide an intelligent tour of Old Proteus from 1900 until now. The sweet sadness of the early years leads inexorably into the ferocity, tenderness and sheer ingenuity ever since. The foremost draughtsman of his century stands completely revealed. There are numerous first sketches or footnotes to some of his most famous paintings, but the reference is unnecessary to appreciate the complete authority of that line or the violent contrast between light and shade from which so much of the century's art has come.

UNESCO continues its valuable service of bringing the unknown to light in Czechoslovakia: Romanesque and Gothic Illuminated Manuscripts, the twelfth volume of the organization's World Art Series. As in the other books of the series, the 32 color plates are gorgeous and present us with an early and continuing synthesis of Byzantium and the West. The Czech quality is quite different from that of German and French manuscripts and appears, in the early 14th Century, a lot closer to Italy in human feeling than Flanders was to get for another century. Like its equally distinguished predecessors, the book is a revelation.

Latest in another series, on the great art museums of the world, is *The Prado*. The format is an excellent one and is unchanged from the two earlier works on the Louvre. The text, by the deputy director, describes the growth of the institution and the back of the book has 217 small black and whites to fill in the the area covered in color. The great strength, of course, is in Spanish, Flemish and German painting.

Frank Getlein

MUSIC

Gemütlichkeit Comes to Old Times Square

The Sound of Music
Music by Richard Rodgers,
Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II,
Book by Howard Lindsay and
Russel Crouse

It was intriguing to imagine what in heaven's name Rodgers and Hammerstein could possibly make out of a marriage between their mannerisms and the Trapp Family's mixture of Austrian *Gemütlichkeit*, religion, classical music, and folklore. Rodgers and Hammerstein have by now, of course, developed so pat a routine, and are so sure of the audience that they are writing for, that even such strong stuff as the cultural background of Austria crumbled under their assault. With deadly accuracy they reduced the whole thing to another typical Broadway show.

The book, as you probably know by now, deals with a period in the history of the Trapp Family – the few years prior to their escape from Salzburg and the Nazis; therefore the whole American period of transcontinental concert tours is omitted. Omitted also is the musical figure who made them into a concert singing-group, who made it possible for them to become so famous and to give new programs year after year. This was, of course, their musical director and chaplain, Fr. Franz Wasner. I suppose that Lindsay and Crouse, already faced with a whole convent of Nuns, would have found it tough going to fit another man of God into a book already dangerously crowded with religious figures. But omission of one of the key figures in the Trapp's story is typical of the sort of touching-up which characterizes the book, and was necessary to reduce the story to the proper sort of Broadway creampuff it is.

The Trapp Family Singers were noted mainly for their performances of Renaissance Polyphony, Gregorian Chant, Baroque ensemble music for recorders, viola da gamba, and spinet; and folk music, particularly from their native Austria, later from many nations. They felt that they had a mission to spread good religious and concert music, and had a great influence in bringing the music

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they performed to people all over the country who would not otherwise have been exposed to it. They had their limitations both in quality of performance, and in a great lack of adventuresomeness in using new repertory. Modern music, whether serious or popular, was a closed book to them. It seemed therefore a rather delicious irony, to witness the Rodgers and Hammerstein treatment of the Trapps' rich heritage. It was something of a shock to see how completely they were able to bypass the spirit of their subject-matter. Naturally there is occasional lip service paid to the Trapps' background; inevitably, in the convent scenes, there are snatches of Gregorian Chant. The only full-blooded echo of the Trapp repertory is a multi-voiced *a cappella* motet sung by the whole convent of nuns after the wedding scene. This contains some real polyphonic materials, but swerves away from its Renaissance model to give a Broadway climax, so that the audience can have the biggest Alleluia of them all – intense, screaming, and a little scarey. There is a distorted echo of the Renaissance madrigal, complete with cuckoos and cute effects, including words and gestures which send the members of the choir offstage one by one. And there is a folkish sort of song, "The Lonely Goatherd," complete with yodels, which is as shabby as its Bavarian or Tyrolean prototype would be, and another fake folk-song called "Edelweiss."

All the rest of the music is in the predictable Broadway style with the usual expert orchestrations of Robert Russell Bennett. If you close your eyes, you hear exactly the same sounds and tunes you heard in *Oklahoma* and *South Pacific*. I was struck by the fact that this style and procedure has the same effect on the audience as the signals that Pavlov used in his experiments on dogs; there is a proper reflex reaction to each sound produced, and the audience seems to love it all the way. Standardization of style can be found in a great deal of music of various centuries. Here, however, it is the preconceived low aesthetic level, the banality, the saccharrine which is so disturbing.

The tunes which I like least are "The Sound of Music," "Climb the Highest Mountain," and "Ordinary Couple," because I find both words and music unbearably banal. Patricia Neway has a particularly unsavory assignment in "Climb Every Mountain," since she has to project so many solemn and pompous notes and words as she gives her would-be inspiring but platitudinous message.

It is obvious that the whole excuse for this conglomeration of Rodgers and Hammerstein and Salzburg was Mary Martin. It it a tribute to her that she can so suffuse good and bad music alike with such verve. She is a joy to see and hear throughout the evening, even when the show becomes embarrassing. Theodore Bikel is entirely probable as the Baron and handles all of his theatrical and musical duties suberbly. The children sing beautifully and are appropriately fresh and pretty. Kurt Kaznar and Marion Marlowe are as arch as can be; Lauri Peters is sweet; Brian Davies, opposite her, is perfect as a young Austrian vacillating between the Trapps and the Storm-troopers. The nuns are all forced to be terribly cute and sweet because of the way that the words and music were written for them.

Altogether, a hair-raising competition between Broadway and Salzburg; Broadway wins. CHARLES WOODRUFF

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

William Jay Smith *has recently published a volume of his collected poems.* John Hollander's *book,* A Crackling of Thorns, *was published as part of the Yale Younger Poets series.* Janet Winn *is at work on a book of parodies.* Louis Lyons *is curator of Niemann Fellowships at Harvard University.* Charles Woodruff *is a young composer who makes his first* New Republic *appearance with this issue.*

MOVIES

A Pair of Spectacles

Two costume films, equally though differently depressing, are currently on view. The first of these is one of the legends of the cinema world, Part Two of Eisenstein's *Ivan the Terrible,* completed in 1946, which many of us never expected to see.

This Eisenstein film – part black-and-white, part in color – is thin in story and dilates its few climaxes. It tells of Ivan's return from voluntary exile, his quarrel with the church, his stand against the boyars, and the trick by which he makes a would-be assassin kill a pretender to the throne. The hour and forty minutes that this takes could have been reduced almost in half by another director. It is easy to be bored by this *Ivan;* any clever suspense picture or musical is more consistently entertaining. But what we are given in this film is texture – of a unique and wonderfully rich kind – as if we were being shown yards of gorgeous material not fully fashioned into usable garments, rather than neatly tailored, commonplace, ready-made.

Ivan the Terrible, Part Two (Janus); Ben-Hur (M-G-M)

Eisenstein *saw,* like no other director. His scenes, every one of them, are composed like gnomic statements. "This," he seems to say, "is the quintessence of a Russian 16th-Century cathedral, or of boyardom, or of ancient Muscovite greed." With his camera, he can dramatize a nose, a ruff, a goblet, a barbarously be-ringed finger, and make it tell you something historical and sociological and human.

Yet he is not a mere director of photography. Objects, costumes, doors, walls, light and shadow are constituents of his drama, but he is primarily a director of actors. (His career began in the theater.) The common criticism of this and the earlier *Ivan* is that they are operatic. I'd like to live long enough to see an opera so well acted. The real point, the paradox, is that in *Alexander Nevsky* and even more in the *Ivan* films, Eisenstein attempted to combine a style of acting that is diametrically opposed to the conventions and scope of the cinema with the very best use of the camera that has ever been made. It is complained of the later Shaw that he wrote untheatrical plays when he was, in fact, refining theatrical methods.

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Eisenstein had not abandoned the film for wooden posture and display; he was trying to enrich it by adding to the best of its elements the best of another theater: combining the large-scale abstraction of romantic acting with the agility and intimacy of the camera. The fusion is far from a complete success; but it is the attempt that gives these films their texture.

The grotesqueries are numerous. Reactions are italicized. People turn and stare off wide-eyed before they answer the simplest questions; no one moves forward without first taking a little backward step to launch himself. It is all highly artificial, yet the artificiality is so magnificently sustained that the film achieves the *sine qua non* of high art: a silent counter-melody, more important than what is being given voice. Beneath the sporadically interesting surface, we can feel life burning. We are sometimes bored, but we are always convinced.

Nikolai Cherkassov, one of the finest actors ever to appear on the screen, is again Ivan and gives a performance easy of discount by the petty-minded but full of treasures for those unafraid of size. Those mincing French mimes with their Pierrots and wind-tossed lovers might well learn from the robust way that Cherkassov and his fellows use their bodies to inform us. The miraculous cameramen are, as in Part I, Eduard Tisse and Andrei Moskvin. The poor score is by Prokofiev.

Before his death Eisenstein was forced to apologize for this film. "In the second part of *Ivan the Terrible*," he said, "we committed a misrepresentation of historical facts which made the film worthless and vicious in the ideological sense." (The dispute was whether to show Ivan as a tyrannical grasper or a stern unifier, and you know which view prevailed.) The immorality of his recantation can best be condemned by those of us who are sure that, in his place, we would have preferred martyrdom. All we can do here is note the irony of the Soviets' behavior towards the greatest artist they have thus far produced, one whose utterances of Russian feeling and Soviet principles may outlast the USSR. This film is not nearly as good as the first part of *Ivan*, which in turn was not nearly as good as Eisenstein's historical masterpiece, *Alexander Nevsky*. But to fail to see it is to deny yourself a number of glimpses of life, art, and history through the eyes of a genius.

We are told that *Ben-Hur* cost $15 million, and in my opinion, it is worth every penny. I wish I owned a small piece of it; it is obviously the best business venture since General Motors. But if the Eisenstein film depresses us because it comes out of a miasma of persecution and recantation and interference, this four-hour behemoth is depressing because there is not an element in it that anyone could ever object to anywhere. It is what might be called a perfect Gallup-poll picture. We feel that 67 percent of the public wanted to see Charlton Heston in the title role, 79 percent of American housewives said they would not object to a little leprosy if it looked no worse than a bad sunburn. There is something in this film for all, and all of us have had a hand in making it – indirectly or, to judge by the endless cast list and credit and additional mentions, pretty damned near directly, too.

For myself, I greatly enjoyed Hugh Griffith's performance as a wily Arabian sheikh, and I thought the chariot race superb. But I was disappointed in the gifted William Wyler's inability to lift the religious scenes above the Christmas-card level, to put any real excitement into most of the spectacle, or to infuse most of the acting with vitality. Much of the time these expensively clad professionals might as well have been cheesecloth-garbed amateurs in any church's Easter pageant.

These two films form a revealing contrast. The Russian film recreates its epoch in a way that the fifteen-million-dollar job never touches, but the American movie flows along with a Reddi-wip consistency much smoother than *Ivan's* sags and bumps. The Russian picture, although it is patchy and frequently out of pace with an audience's attention span, is a truly national film rooted in an artist's vision. The American film is always bland and digestible, but it is a religious picture rooted in a vision of the box-office. I leave further inferences to scholars of the future who may find explanations of what happened to us all in the successes and failures and cruelties implicit in the Eisenstein film and in the flavorless, skillful, mass-audience manufacture of *Ben-Hur*.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

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Correspondence

Those Cranberries

Sirs:

The editorial "Those Cranberries" in the November 30 issue was a considerable surprise. Its thesis is that the "cranberry episode" is a calculated attempt to warn the food industry that it must persuade Congress to remove from basic food and drug law the prohibition on cancer-producing substances (as contained in the Delaney Amendment). This may or may not be so – I do not think it is so – but in any case here is a direct quotation from information furnished to state health departments with Secretary Flemming's original release on cranberries. Mr. Flemming is speaking, directly to the principle of the Delaney Amendment:

> "The application of this principle is necessary in our opinion because while in theory there may be a minute quantity of a carcinogen which is safe in foods, in actuality our scientists do not know whether this is true or how to establish a safe tolerance.
>
> "Therefore we would oppose any attempt to take the cancer clause out of the food additives amendment, and we will support the inclusion of such a clause in the color bill which is now before the Congress."

Until such time as it should be proved that Mr. Flemming is a most devious and perfidious individual, the above should, in my opinion, be taken as an honest statement of the position of the department.

May I, from the body of your editorial, take three statements which I believe to be either untrue or misleading?

1. "Recent additions to the basic Food and Drug laws are unworkable."

This sentence presumably refers to the Delaney Amendment. Who says it is unworkable? And why on earth should *The New Republic* take the statement for revealed truth? The amendment is a reasonable attempt to keep carcinogens out of food. There is no reason of which I know that standard tests and processes may not be set up for all new chemicals, that chemicals showing any trace of cancer-producing properties may not be rigidly excluded from food, and that approved chemicals which eventually prove to be carcinogens may not be removed from circulation. The enforcement of the law is moderately expensive, and of course it cannot be enforced with very great precision, but it still appears to be a worthwhile addition to services that protect consumers.

To say that the law is unworkable is to say in effect that the public might as well throw up its hands and agree to henceforth eat whatever the food industry puts before it. Experience has shown (from the days of embalmed beef right down to the present) that this is a risky proposition – increasingly risky in the future in view of the accelerating technology of the food industry.

2. "The cranberry people have pointed out that it is impossible for a man to eat enough aminotriazole – even over a lifetime – to suffer a rat's fate."

In the food and drug control business, one learns to be wary of all statements proceeding directly from a commercial interest, as they are likely to be tinged with bias. (The "tobacco people" still maintain that cigarettes do not lead to cancer.) In medicine, one also learns to be wary of using the word "impossible" about anything connected with the reactions of a large population of people.

Tests for carcinogenicity of aminotriazole have been carried out on a small number of laboratory animals, and the only thing that we know with certainty is that it produced cancer of the thyroid in some of them. We do not know whether or not human beings are less susceptible, twice as susceptible or 50 times as susceptible as rats. We do not know that certain people are not exquisitely sensitive to the effect of the chemical. We do not know whether the effect of aminotriazole is not magnified by other substances in the ordinary diet of humans but not of rats and mice. We do not know that young children as a group are not much more susceptible than mature humans. And finally and most particularly, we do not know the mechanism of the production of cancer, by aminotriazole or anything else.

The thyroids of our youngest children, for example, have already been insulted by a considerable intake of radioactive iodine during the past several years, because they are great milk drinkers and milk has been contaminated by fallout. Is it impossible that the insult of minute amounts of aminotriazole, added to the insult of radioactive iodine, and added perhaps to other insults we don't know about yet, will result in a number of cases of cancer of the thyroid 25 years from now?

In the face of our abysmal ignorance, only a knave or a fool could use the word "impossible." Scientifically speaking, the situation with aminotriazole is something like this. The manufacturers, in the mid-50's, carried out feeding tests on a small number of laboratory animals over a short period of time. All went well, and the compound was released for use and approved by the Department of Agriculture in 1956. The manufacturer's tests were then in effect greatly expanded: the population of the United States became his test animals, and the duration of the test was increased indefinitely. Any reputable scientist, on the cranberry payroll or any other, will tell you that when you increase your test series from a few hundred animals to a few hundred million, and from a few years to decades, you are likely to come up with some new and interesting data. It is fortunate that in this case the carcinogenic properties of the chemical were first recognized in laboratory animals – in 1959.

3. "FDA may soon be forced to create pandemonium in the food industry by outlawing perhaps hundreds of additives, although scientists believe them safe in the quantities now used."

Who are the scientists? You are *The New Republic* and not *Godey's Lady's Book*, and you should know that there are scientists and scientists, and that some of them have strong commercial biases, and that there are often major differences of opinion among equally well-qualified persons.

Justification is perhaps the essence of the whole business. Life is full of risks, and human beings accept them in re-

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turn for gains that may be realized. The real question in the cranberry episode is: does the consumer realize any gains from the use of this particular weed-killer that outweigh the (apparently small) hazards to his health? If this question is answered in the affirmative, it is then necessary to ask: does the consumer realize such cumulative gains from the use of hundreds or thousands of potential carcinogens in his diet as to outweigh the cumulative hazard to his health that they involve? If one's answer to this question is in the affirmative, then one can afford to be complacent about the eventual fate of the Delaney Amendment.

If the Delaney Amendment should go, the floodgates will be opened. If there is one thing certain in this business, it is that the food industry will ever more rapidly proliferate its use of new complex synthetic chemicals – insecticides, rodenticides, weedicides, antibiotics, fungicides, softeners, humectants, antioxidants, etc. – and that these chemicals will leave residues in food. The eventual effect of this compulsory dosage will probably not be felt by magazine editors comfortably past middle age, but it will bear on their descendants.

I should think, in view of the past history of *The New Republic*, that one might expect it to champion the cause of the consumer, to work for the rigid control of all chemical additives, and to fight for the Delaney Amendment until the death. While an absolute ban on carcinogens might seem "impractical" at this time, you will surely be aware that *The New Republic* has supported many "impractical" causes in its time, that are now an accepted part of our social structure.

Geoffrey Martin, M.D.
Kansas State Board of Health

In reply

With respect to Dr. Martin's points:

1. The Delaney Amendment is well-intentioned but unworkable because several foods naturally contain traces of known carcinogens. Shellfish contain arsenic; arsenic is at present permitted in given amounts in prepared foods; the Delaney Amendment would ban arsenic – a carcinogen – from prepared foods but not from the shellfish which contain larger proportionate amounts of arsenic. There are so many substances that can be made to cause cancer under certain conditions that enforcement of the Amendment's absolute and undiscriminating prohibition would cause chaos in the food industries, and needlessly. To say that the Delaney Amendment is unworkable is not, as Dr. Martin states, "to say in effect that the public might as well throw up its hands and agree to henceforth eat whatever the foods industry puts before it." On the contrary, as the FDA explained when it opposed the Delaney Amendment on first proposal, its arbitrary nature stands in the way of the kind of discriminating and flexible enforcement the complex food industry requires. The basic Pure Food and Drug law places on the industry the burden of proving to the FDA that products are safe, and FDA scientists are capable of weighing that evidence in the public interest.

2. Dr. Martin here is questioning the validity of the tests and the wisdom of proceeding without more data. This is a sound position, but at some point administrators must make a judgment, while scientists may hold and attempt to prove a minority opinion.

The question of Strontium-90 he raises is irrelevant. Of course, the need for more information on the long-term effects of radiation and for preventing further contamination from fallout by eliminating nuclear bomb tests until those facts are established is clear, as *The New Republic* has long said. The unknown danger from fallout is not the problem here, however; it is the contaminating effects of food additives, about which a great deal is known.

3. Scientific opinion, as Dr. Martin points out, is seldom, if ever, unanimous, but it has sometimes been unanimously wrong.

But to cite the positions of the Department of Agriculture and the Food and Drug Administration in the cranberry case as an instance of experts coming to opposite conclusions is incorrect. Agriculture scientists approved the aminotriazole weed killer for use under set conditions; FDA scientists later recommended condemning food containing its residue. But their mandates were technically different. Agriculture was out to find a better weed killer; FDA, to guarantee the purity of the resulting product. Our concern is that policing power be unified in the agency whose first allegiance is to the consumer.

THE EDITORS

Birth Control and Bigotry

Sirs:

I am sure that most of the opponents of artificial birth control, as opposed to birth control through periodic continence, might concede that at some time in the history of our country or in some future political campaign, the argument over artificial birth control might be a legitimate issue in a national election. However, that time is not now. So far as the present state of America is concerned, including the election which lies ahead in 1960, any public dispute concerning artificial birth control is, as both President Eisenhower and ex-President Truman have labeled it, a "false" issue. But, I am afraid, it may be more than just false; it may be a contrived issue, and therefore a fraudulent one. There are disturbing circumstances which suggest that the issue may have been raised for the purpose of masquerading an opposition to the Presidential aspirations of Senator John Kennedy, which otherwise would stand exposed as an opposition arising solely out of undiluted religious bigotry.

The evidence which gives rise to such a suspicion is as follows: It is true that Roman Catholics believe, as a matter of religious faith, that the artificial prevention of birth, like euthanasia (mercy killing), abortion, and remarriage after divorce, violates fundamental principles of the natural law (promulgated by the Divinity). However, as both Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas teach us, man is a societal animal. Accordingly, in the words of Jesus of Nazareth, men in society must "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's." In short, even though a particular law of a state might offend the natural law in some respect, it is nevertheless to be obeyed, unless its enactment so violently offends principles of the natural law and so gravely frustrates man's nature and the achievement of his divine destiny as to make disobedience or non-application of the law the lesser of the two evils confronting the individual, whether he be citizen or law-maker. That is why, for example, a Catholic judge can grant a divorce, or a Catholic legislator vote in favor of an amendment to the divorce statute of his state. It is also the reason why a Catholic President, without compromising his theology, could approve and administer

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a foreign-aid program which authorized the dispensation of artificial birth control information to foreign countries desiring it.

I think we can assume that these elementary principles of Catholic theology are known to Bishop Pike and to the other clergymen who publicly called upon Senator Kennedy to answer their question as to whether he would be bound by the tenets of his religion if the birth control issue were presented to him as President. Such of these clergymen who ever studied comparative theology must have known in advance what Senator Kennedy's answer, as an educated Catholic, necessarily would be. It appears, then, that they might have been more interested in the accusatory inference contained in the question than in the Senator's answer to it. For the question only, not his answer, could not help but injure Senator Kennedy's opportunities for nomination and election to the Presidency.

I think it unfortunate that outstanding Protestant clergymen may have thus unintentionally lent their offices to the perpetuation of a false issue, and one which, unless carefully dissected, serves as a cloak of respectability to conceal the true basis of much of the opposition to Senator Kennedy's candidacy, *i.e.*, the fact that he is a practicing Roman Catholic.

Alfred L. Scanlon
Bethesda, Maryland

Sirs:

TRB's article on "A Grave Sin" (December 14) opens by saying ". . . there is no use mincing words . . ." and ". . . the more matter-of-factly and frankly this matter is discussed the better." I quite agree. A free and viable society demands frank discussion, *but* it also requires full, open, and lucid discussion based on fact. Just what does TRB mean when he cites a secondary source to the effect that "Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia intervened to block Kennedy's scheduled appearance at an inter-faith meeting." Intervened how, or why, or in what manner? Or again, TRB claims Catholics in Massachusetts and Connecticut have ". . . attempted to interfere by law in the relationship between doctor and patient." How, in what manner, and for what reason? If TRB insists on handling controversial subjects, let him treat them in a manner that avoids inferences of some sort of subversive techniques on the parties in question.

One final word. If we of the West can think of no more dynamic program than birth control, then we *are* in serious jeopardy.

Robert L. Zangrando
Philadelphia, Penna.

Sirs:

If TRB, in opposition to the bishops, thinks that an American-sponsored contraceptive program for the underdeveloped countries is an effective solution to our population problem, let him establish his point. . . . I spent about thirteen years in the Far East, two of them under Communism in China, and my experience and observation tell me that such a program would be politically disastrous. The Communists would have a field-day holding it up to the peoples of Asia and Africa as another sneaky trick of "American imperialism" to insure continued world domination for ourselves. . . . And, please, TRB, where are these priests who claim the "right to lay down Presidential policy"? I think it's reasonable to assume that I, being one myself, know more priests than TRB, and the priests I know claim only the right of any citizen in a democracy in formulating Presidential policy – the right of persuasion or opposition, no more than the right TRB exercises week after week in *NR*. . . . If TRB thinks Catholic bishops are second-class citizens or disenfranchised citizens, why doesn't he say so, if he doesn't believe in "mincing words"?

Leon Sullivan, O.F.M.
Peoria State Hospital
Peoria, Illinois

Epistle to the Columbians

Sirs:

There was something very moving and also (or perhaps *and therefore*) very important about Hans Morgenthau's letter (December 21) to the students of the university where I teach: I hope some of them were listening. I should say: I hope the right ones were listening because what Mr. Morgenthau said does not apply to all, and perhaps not even to a majority. I say this not because I have made a count (*that* could hardly help) but because I note that Mr. Morgenthau has missed out one whole side of the truth. Even supposing that the University was right in its decision on Mr. Van Doren (and on this I do not wish to give my own opinion here), surely there is something to be said for the principle (this too is a principle) that one does not hit a man when he is down? I am sorry if students go in for all this nonsense of withholding their names (who are they afraid of?), but I am glad they feel sympathy for failure rather than for the triumph of righteousness.

As to where some of the students may have gone wrong, let me illustrate from an experience at Columbia during the past few weeks. I asked some 120 undergraduates, in a quiz, whether one must regard Trigorin in Chekhov's *The Sea Gull* as necessarily a bad writer. A large number said "Yes" on the grounds that he hadn't a very good character. An equally large number said "No" on the grounds that he was famous. These two sets of opposite but equally absurd answers have their roots in American – or perhaps just Modern – heresies. One group takes it for granted that talent appears only in unusually upright individuals; another group that fame alone is sufficient evidence of merit. If you take these two idiocies, you can understand a lot about the *affaire* Van Doren. For example, you can realize that it was above all an *affaire* of the American public, and not of one teacher at Columbia University. Even before the guilt of Mr. Van Doren was known, a taxi driver spent twenty minutes telling me how furious his wife was with Mr. Van Doren. She felt betrayed. And why – if I may cut that long story short? Because he had deprived her of certain illusions. I replied: then she would be grateful to him. The driver seemed a little taken aback for a second, then, as a taxi-driver mustn't be taken aback longer than that, said: Yeh, she's crazy.

But probably she isn't. Probably she is an average member of the public. She hasn't "done anything" and therefore cannot be fired by a board of trustees, which anyway has little control over wives as such. But if there is justice, as it were, Above, (and Mr. Morgenthau believes there is), I think it may be harder, when the time comes, on the Betrayed in such cases than it will on the Betrayer.

In any event, it is not curious that the taxi-driver's wife, who now loathes Mr. Van Doren, subscribes to the same heresies as Columbia students, many of

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whom would like to see him reinstated?

The real moral is that we should reconsider fame and merit, character and talent – at least to the point of avoiding idiocy.

Eric Bentley
New York, N. Y.

Franco and His Opponents

Sirs:

I came back in September from the Iberian Peninsula and I assure you that Ian Gilmour's article on Spain (November 30) contains no error of fact or feeling. I wanted to write you also of the terrible effect President Eisenhower's trip is already having on the Spanish Liberals: one of them in a recent letter said that America and democracy had lost thousands of young men in Spain with that trip. In my despair as a Liberal (and you know that in Spain this term Liberal has acquired again a resounding and proud meaning) – thinking about what could be done to tell the Franco opposition that in this country there were many who are with Liberal Spain – came your number with the Gilmour article. I am going to order as many copies as I can afford and send them by first class mail to Spain. I have enough names – I know personally most of the people mentioned. Thank you so much for having published Mr. Gilmour's report: it is a truly historical event, for the Liberals of Spain at least.

Juan Marichal
Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

After reading Ian Gilmour's hard hitting article on *Spain under Franco* (November 30), I thought that some of your readers might want to do something for our Spanish refugees. They fought against Franco from 1936-9 and are still living as exiles in France after 20 years of concentration camps, forced labor under the Nazis, and poverty. 500,000 of them left Spain at the end of the Civil War . . . 150,000 remain.

Here is a typical case of a man, whom we are helping now. Pedro X., born in 1905, is a cabinet-maker. He fought on the front throughout the Civil War and returned to his home at its end. He was seized by the Gestapo in March, 1942, and was accused of being a spy for the Allies. He was taken to Madrid and detained until 1944. After being released he was seized again and taken to Pamplona and imprisoned. He was released and walked 250 kilometers to get home. He fled to France, fell illl in February, 1956, and is now completely paralyzed. He lives on six thousand francs a month (about $12) and needs money for medicines and food.

Pablo Casals is the Honorary Chairman of our committee, Spanish Refugee Aid, Inc. (80 East 11 St., NYC 3). Our Chairman is Mary McCarthy and among our sponsors are Albert Camus, Reinhold Niebuhr, A. Philip Randolph, George N. Shuster and Norman Thomas. Contributions are tax-deductible.

Nancy Macdonald
New York, N. Y.

Help for Algeria

Sirs:

> "I have just come from the frontier visiting the encampments there while cannon were booming on the Algerian side of the border. The condition of the people is so pitiful that I can find no words to tell you. . . . Many will surely die."

We have just received this report of the desperate need of Algerian refugees in Tunisia from our representative in Tunis. She and other Quaker field workers, long acquainted with the shock of refugee conditions, describe the Algerians' need as perhaps the gravest they have ever seen. Many of the 250,000 homeless persons face the coming winter without certainty or even much hope.

We are deeply concerned for the lives of these suffering people – most of them women and children. In response we have launched a $500,000 relief program. With the swift approach of winter a contribution of a new or used blanket, or money for their purchases, will almost certainly make the difference between life or death for a homeless refugee on the Algerian border. Gifts may be sent to the AFSC warehouse, 23rd and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, Penna. We are prepared to ship up to 100,000 blankets as quickly as we can collect them.

Colin W. Bell
Executive Secretary
American Friends Service Committee
Philadelphia, Penna.

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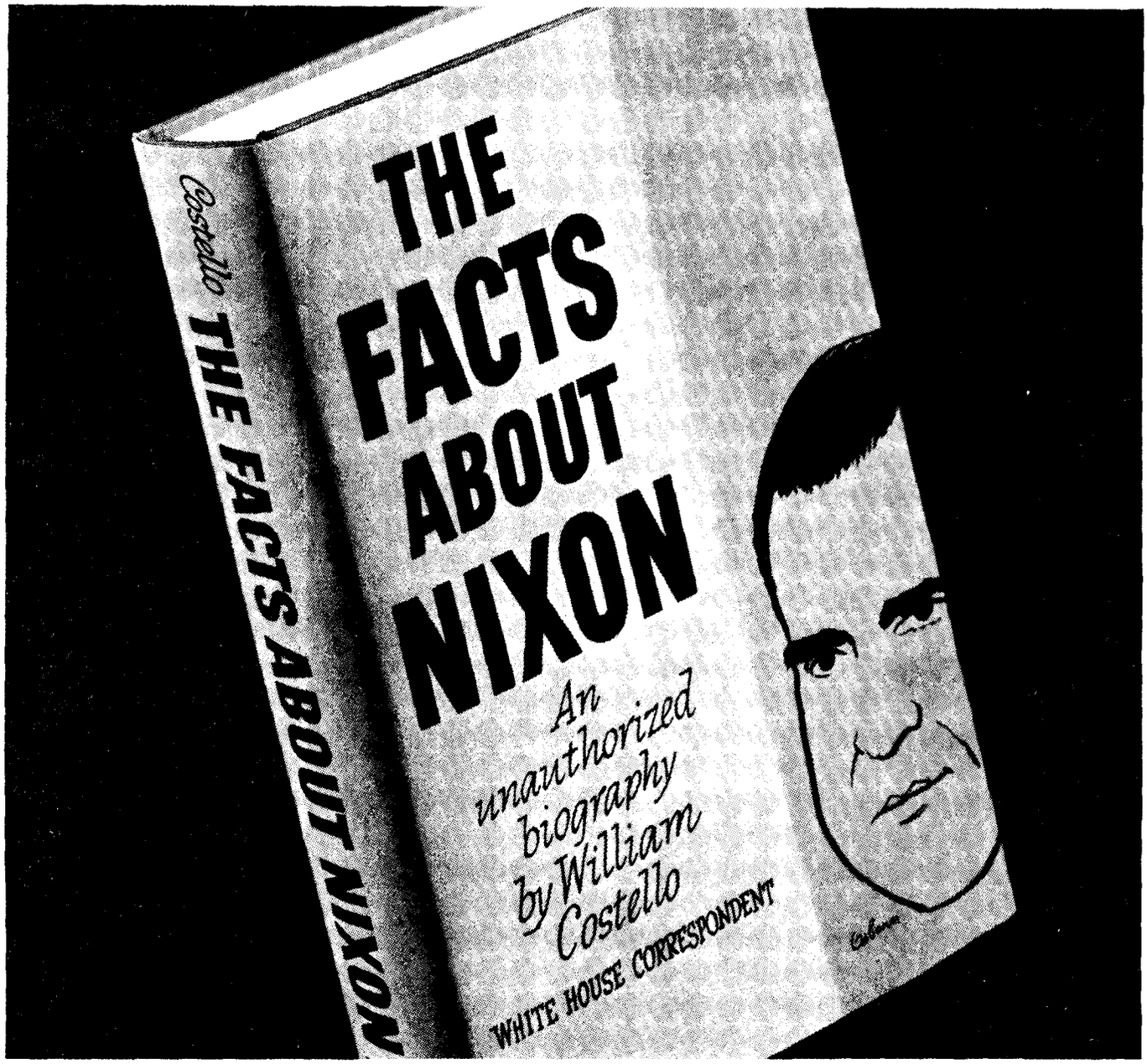
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